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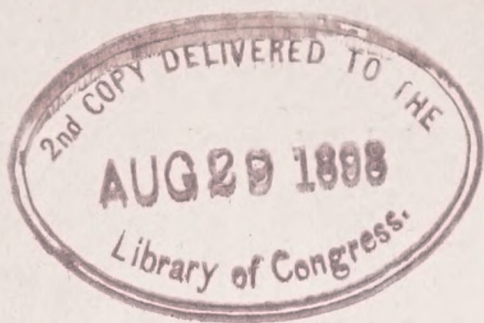
....BY....

BENJ. RUSH DAVENPORT,

....AUTHOR OF....

"Uncle Sam's Cabins," "Best Fifty Books,"
"Blue and Gray," etc.

HUBBELL PUBLISHING CO.
CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.



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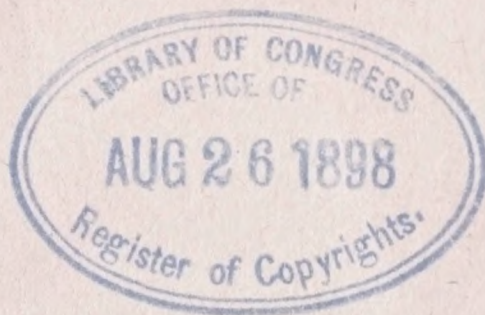
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In Memoriam.

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO THE
LOVED AND LAMENTED

John A. Cockerill.

IN AN ASSOCIATION LONG AND HIGHLY
VALUED BY THE WRITER, WITH THAT
EMINENT JOURNALIST, THE IDEAS HERE-
IN CONTAINED WERE SUGGESTED.

AUTHOR.



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CHAPTER I.

EAGLE, LION AND BEAR.

LIKE four white swans floating on a sparkling golden sea, sat the four white Russian cruisers beneath Gibraltar's sphinx-like mass of armed rock. The October sun was sinking below the western waves in a flood of glory, burnishing the surface of the ocean with its resplendent rays, bathing England's grim stronghold in glorious light.

The proud banner of Great Britain floating over this massive symbol of Anglo-Saxon power, seemed to gather the reflected glory of the monarch of the heavens, until each color in its folds took on a brighter hue, waving in meteor splendor defiance to all foes.

On the flagship of the Russian squadron flew the royal standard of Russia, as the fleet was bearing to the shores of America, His Highness, the Grand Duke Vladimar who was carrying the good wishes of his royal father to the popular President of the United States, who in the preceding November, A. D. 19—, had been unanimously elected chief executive of the great republic.

Steaming eastward across the shining waves, six ships were slowly moving into port—two men-of-war and four troop transports. Just as the last lingering ray of light shot over the dancing waters, the colors of the oncoming fleet burst like opening flowers from their mast-heads, and there streamed before the eyes of the watchers that flag, symbolic of freedom the wide world over.

The bright stars and broad stripes of America's beauteous banner leaped to the breeze, and seemed to wave a greeting to its kindred flag upon the rock above, and a gracious gleaming in the mellow twilight hovered like a halo around the interwoven blending of the colors of [the mighty brother nations, sprung from that grand ancestor, the Anglo-Saxon race.]

A group of officers was watching the approaching fleet in silent curiosity, from the deck of the Russian flagship, and as the national flag of America was unfurled, one of the officers exclaimed:

“Ah! Yankees; I thought so; they carry their gaudy colors everywhere now.”

The speaker was a tall, well-made dark man of about thirty years of age, a remarkably handsome man. His large dark eyes, prominent, clear-cut features would attract attention anywhere, but here, the confident air and easy bearing of assured leader-

ship proclaimed him as the royal passenger of the Russian squadron.

“Yes! Your Highness, had I not seen the flag, I would have known of what nation the ships were, from the cheering of the sailors on the English man-of-war just ahead of us,” replied one of the party, a thin, bent old man whose scant white hair and delicate complexion proclaimed him far more the student than a son of the sea.

His sharp gray eyes, deeply sunken under heavy white eyebrows, were as keen, hard and piercing as points of steel. His pointed snowy beard scarcely concealed the cruel, merciless mouth, now wreathed in the faintest possible sarcastic smile, as the old man watched the expression of annoyance come over the handsome face of the Grand Duke as the result of this remark.

Prince Gourkoff, for the old man was that famous diplomatist, had grown old in the service of the royal house of Russia; now, at the age of sixty-three, he presented a living picture of the greatest type of the unscrupulous diplomatist that the world has ever known—Richelieu.

Possessing the entire confidence of his royal master, Czar Ivan III., Gourkoff was accompanying the young Grand Duke to America in the capacity of counselor, friend, companion, that is to all outward appearance, but in fact he went as a guard,

representing the Czar, for the purpose of holding Vladimar steady in his obedience in a most distasteful service, forced upon him by the mandate of his regal father.

As the plot or scheme of the Grand Duke's visit to America had originated within the fertile brain of Gourkoff, no better representative could have possibly been chosen to see, and force its execution in every detail regardless of the feelings or opinions of those who were compelled to participate in its performance.

The momentary impatience of the Grand Duke disappeared as he gazed at the majestic American men-of-war, and the clever management of their crews as they came to anchor. Turning to the Russian Admiral, who was one of the party, he said with a frank smile:

"Well! Admiral, as I am going across an ocean to make the acquaintance of a lot of Americans, I may as well begin on this side of the water; so invite them to dine with us," and then in a voice only heard by Gourkoff, to whom the words were addressed, he added, "Allons, Monsieur! I will try to do my duty."

The prince's eyes brightened as he softly answered:

"In the name of the Czar I thank Your Highness," and then turning to the Admiral, said:

“Do not forget to send invitations to the English officers; we will make a love feast of it, John and Jonathan.”

Leaving the Admiral and other officers to execute his hospitable instruction, the Grand Duke crossed the deck and began pacing back and forth seemingly lost in deep meditation. He was shortly joined by Gourkoff, who said:

“It is a most fortunate occurrence, this meeting with an American fleet here, as it affords us an opportunity to enter under the most favorable circumstances upon our campaign.”

“Say your campaign,” interrupted Vladimar. “This whole matter is disgusting and repugnant to every sense of honor within me. I have been educated as a soldier of Russia, and for the honor and glory of the Empire and Crown I would gladly shed every drop of blood in my body; but to force upon me services that could only be congenial to a conceited, heartless coward, is revolting to every manly feeling!”

“Remember, Your Highness,” replied Gourkoff, “it requires often more courage to perform a disagreeable duty than a dangerous one, beside this attempt is the forlorn hope of Russia to break the semi-alliance between the British and Americans, and who more worthy to lead in such an undertaking than one of the royal house of Russia?”

“But why,” hotly retorted the royal listener, “not select some other member of our house? I certainly have given no occasion for the assumption that a campaign against a woman would be an undertaking in which I would either delight or be successful.”

With a graceful inclination of his body and a suave smile, the Prince said:

“Nature, Your Highness, appreciating the excellency of the mental jewels she was bestowing, provided in your case a fitting casket. No other member of your illustrious family possessed a sufficiently attractive person to make the winning of a woman quick, sure and lasting, an easy matter; beside, the very qualities that make the duty seem unpleasant are those that would most surely prove attractive to the kind of woman I am told this American is.”

“Your flattery, Gourkoff,” retorted Vladimar, “does not make the dose more palatable. I am to play the conceited coxcomb and carpet knight, because naturally such a role is not in keeping with my character; I am to play upon the ambition of an aspiring nobody, to the end that after the object of this undignified proceeding is accomplished, I may be known as the most dishonorable man in Europe.”

“Your Highness knows,” exclaimed Gourkoff, “that no man living is more sensitive to all that concerns the honor of the royal family than myself, but you are also fully aware that the opportunity

is approaching for which we have waited so long, that is, the advance of the Empire of Russia eastward. England alone confronts us. We have detached every friend from her save only the United States.

For years, in fact, since the American-Spanish War of 1898, England and America have been bound together by a sentimental semi-alliance. They have acted so often together since that time when danger threatened either one, that we in Russia know or feel sure that should Great Britain resist our progress eastward, and need help, that the Americans would possibly hang in the wind for awhile, but in the end, with their absurdly sentimental cry, "Blood is thicker than water," would join the English. It is to prevent that possibility, nay probability, that has caused the present undertaking."

"But Gourkoff," said the Grand Duke, "why not fight both England and America like brave Russians and soldiers? I had rather meet the Yankees sword in hand than dance around a woman's fluttering flounces, swearing devotion and perjuring my soul."

"Your Highness is too well aware of the power of the Great Republic to seriously suggest fighting the combined forces of England and America," said Gourkoff.

"In the last fifty years that striped flag of America has made its steady progress around the globe, and

wherever planted it has taken root. Hand in hand with England, the United States has moved steadily forward, carrying out, as they proudly proclaim in America, the destiny of the republic.

x (The teeming population of the States alone, to say nothing of its colonies and dependancies, has grown to be one hundred and forty million, with countless wealth, and to be fair to the Yankees, boundless courage. Great Britain alone is a most serious matter to think of as far as fighting is concerned; but both of the Anglo-Saxon nations joined together present an obstacle beyond the power of even the mighty Russian Empire.)

No! No! Your Highness, we cannot meet sword in hand both these nations. 'The lion's skin is too short,' we must make use of the fox's. Detach America from England at any cost, or else forever abandon the traditions and hopes of Russia."

With a sigh of weariness Vladimar replied:

"Well, enough of the subject for to-night; I am heartily sick already of my part of the business, before even beginning it. I only hope the young woman is somewhat interesting," and then with an amused glance at Gourkoff, the Grand Duke continued:

"And just suppose that I find her charming, and fall in love, in fact, with the American; instead of

this being a farce, my wily friend Gourkoff, it might terminate as a tragedy. Sometimes the most reluctant hound in the beginning of the chase proves the most persistent in pursuit, and hardest to tear away from its prey."

Gourkoff's reply came in almost a tone of alarm.

"For Heaven sake! Your Highness, do not entertain such a possibility; you are too near the throne to even dream of such an absurdity, as being in earnest in your pretended attachment to a plain American woman," Vladimar laughingly said as he left Gourkoff and walked to his cabin.

"Good-night, Prince; don't pass a sleepless night over the danger, as there is nothing to fear."

However the Grand Duke's careless assurance did not seem to dispel the unlooked for, and unthought of peril in the mind of Prince Gourkoff. Meditatively he paced the deck long after the Grand Duke had left him. The jesting suggestion had created a danger that careful and cautious as the old statesman was, had escaped his calculations.

"Suppose he should end by being in earnest?" he kept repeating to himself.

Every scene of boyish tenacity in the life of Vladimar came vividly before him. Gourkoff was familiar with every detail in the lives of the Czarovitch Peter, and this his younger brother Vladimar. Whereas Peter was weak and

delicate from babyhood, Vladimar was vigorous and active; Peter was easily influenced, and persuaded, while Vladimar was as hard to divert from a course that he had adopted as an ocean current. Brave, frank and manly, Vladimar had early demonstrated the fact that he inherited a large share of the self-will and independence of his ancestors.

Unexpected peril is always the most terrifying, and as Prince Gourkoff recalled the precarious condition of the health of the childless Czarovitch Peter, and that the seemingly perfect plot that he himself had suggested, and persuaded the Czar to adopt, might terminate in a most destructive matrimonial entanglement with the next heir to the crown, he fairly shivered as visions of Siberia passed before him, and muttering to himself for consolation, "It's an off chance only," would add sadly, "but the off chance proved fatal to Napoleon."

The picture of the woman that Gourkoff took from his desk when he entered his cabin, did not reassure him nor bring any consolation to his somewhat alarmed mind.

Adjusting carefully the powerful glasses that age and much use of his eyes compelled him to wear, he held the photograph of a woman close to the lamp which burned brightly in his cabin; he gazed long and thoughtfully at it, studying each feature portrayed, but the contemplation was not comforting.

Seating himself, he held the cardboard in his hand and thought of how much depended upon the character of the woman the picture represented.

Some faces are beautiful, some good, some grand.

The face that the Russian diplomatist gazed at, was beautiful, good and grand. Nature, that faultless artist, had made a model of nobility, honor and purity, and so perfect was that great master's work that to describe and give detail of the creation were as impossible as to catch the light and shading on the clouds, or to describe the music of the sighing summer breeze, to imitate the perfume of the rose or lily.

At last replacing the picture, Gourkoff sought to dispel the idea of danger born of the thoughtless jest of the Grand Duke in sleep, and as he closed his eyes he murmured, "The off chance shall not win this time," and so fell into a restless sleep, disturbed only now and again by the puffing of the steam-launches passing back and forth between the British and the American men-of-war.

Had Prince Gourkoff been aware of that, that was doing around him, his tranquility would certainly now have been increased by the knowledge.

Formality is nowhere more strictly adhered to than in the navies of the world, and the British and American naval officers are not the least punctilious in the naval service.

In dealing with foreigners, every rule of the ethics

of the naval profession is enforced; but between themselves, years of joint service, where the English and American fleets had been united for mutual benefit, had obliterated much of the formal etiquette observed when the ships of different nations meet.

In fact, Commodore Adams, in command of the American squadron that had arrived at Gibraltar that evening, and Sir John Colquitt, in command of the British ship *St. George*, lying in port, had not only shared many dangers together, but were still more strongly attached to each other, for after the successful operations of the combined fleets of the two nations in Asiatic waters, many years before this bright October evening, the then Lieutenant Adams, U. S. N., had invited his English friend and comrade, the then plain Lieutenant Colquitt, of the British Navy, to visit him at his home in Philadelphia, which invitation the British officer not only accepted, but took advantage of to carry off Adams' lovely sister, who now, as Lady Colquitt, adorned Sir John's beautiful English home.

Therefore there was scant respect paid by Sir John to the etiquette of sea when he realized that the American flagship was the U. S. S. *McKinley*, and that his old comrade and brother-in-law was in command. Messages quickly passed between the Commodores, and that very evening the two old bronzed sea-fighters were seated in the cabin of one ship

dining, and over the viands talking of the ones at home, dear to both alike.

“And how is my namesake Colquitt getting along at Annapolis? Will he do credit to the name Adams, and be like you, a student, or raise the very devil as his godfather did when he was a cadet?” would ask the hearty old English sailor.

“When is Betty and the girls coming home to Philadelphia to pay us that long promised visit?” would inquire the American, and so, like the good fellows and old comrades that they were, until late into the night they found lots of mutually interesting subjects of conversation, and many toasts were given not dearer to the proposer than to him who listened.

Many of the young officers of the fleets had also served together, at one time or another, in some quarter of the globe, so that the ward-room, as well as the cabin, told the story of the mutual ties of interest and affection holding men of one blood and language that strongly to each other, as to cause etiquette to be forgotten.

Prince Gourkoff, in your dreams, as the words so often heard in America and England pass through your brain, let incredulity cause a sneer to come upon your crafty countenance, but none the less

“Blood is thicker than water.”

CHAPTER II.

A WOMAN SCORNE.

CAME the hum and roar of restless Paris as the drowsy droning of bees, penetrating to that distant section of seclusion off the Bois de Bologne, sacred to the wealth and aristocracy of the gay French capital.

Through the open windows of Prince Gourkoff's Paris mansion (the September weather was spring-like in its balmy softness), the perfume of the autumn flowers floated around the rose-colored couch whereon Madam la Princess was reclining.

My Lady's boudoir was all rose-tinted, the draperies in different shades of rose color, from the pale pinkish hue near the petals, to the darkest ruby red of the outer *leaves of the flower*.

Somewhere in the jungles of far-off India imagine, in some sultry spot where wild flowers grow in riotous profusion, a bower of matted roses, and there nestled noiselessly watching, waiting, half-sleeping through the hot noon hour, a soft, silk-like, smooth, beautiful-terrible-leopardess.

With eyes of flame, now so nearly sleeping that the almost closed lids leave but a line through which to catch a glimpse of that hell of wild passion therein pent-up and slumbering.

The sunshine falling through the rose-bushes flecking and fluttering over the skin so shining, sending shadows down each lithe limb, so full of intense energy, and sensual passion, that in deepest sleep the supple muscles quiver.

One ray of September sunshine caught in Madam's soft, dark tresses, has called to life the golden bronze buried in the dark mass of fluffy curls that shades the wide, low, white brow of the dreamy princess.

With half-closed eyes, shooting little gleamings from the subdued fires internally burning, face so beautiful, features so faultless, that it seems some old Grecian sculptor's stolen statue, save only that the full round glistening neck is somewhat too full, and the head, back of the pink shell-like ears, is wide, quite wide, where phrenologists find passion and destructiveness.

The waving of the curtain makes ripples of sunlight run up and down the sheen of the silken folds of Madam's gown so soft and clinging—revealing the outline of each limb so round, so full, so grandly modeled, that voluptuous perfection is superlatively presented.

The involuntary quivering and trembling of the muscles makes movement beneath the shimmering surface of the web-like garment, though no move-

ment of the limbs is making, lithe limbs so instinct with electric life and full of intense feeling.

Terribly beautiful is this woman, so full of the sinuous involuntary motion of consuming passion, as she lies basking in the sunlight and the shadow, all rose-surrounded, recalling the picture of the leopardess in the jungle.

There was a rustle of the curtains of the apartment, and a maid appeared. The Princess said as she heard, rather than saw her.

“Well, Marie, what is it?”

“A telegraphic message for Madam la Princess.”

Like a flash of light, rapid and feline as the leopardess, and the Princess was standing, had seized and opened the message. One line was all that was written and she read.

“They leave Odessa next week. Will stop at Gibraltar.

Standing eager and expectant, the Princess was magnificent, tall, grandly developed, the swelling curves and lines of perfectly proportioned bust and hips, their beauty accentuated rather than concealed by her lacy wrappings. The loose sleeves falling away from her arms as she grasped and tore open the envelope, displayed limbs as round, as firm and white as if of ivory, skin so fair as to glisten like the rarest creamy satin.

“You may go, Marie!”

The Princess almost panted with the emotion that the telegram had created.

“Pardon, Madam, a man has been waiting for an hour, but I refused to disturb you for him.”

“Who is he?” inquired the Princess, a note of annoyance in the question.

“He gave this card, Madam, and said that you would receive him.”

The Madam took the card and glanced at it, and with a start of joy exclaimed:

“The very man! Let him come in.”

“Madam does not wish to have him brought here,” said the maid in an inquiring tone and added:

“He seems a very common sort of person.”

“I said let him come in—I meant here!” angrily replied the Princess. While the maid hurried away on her errand, the Princess remained standing, nervously turning the limp card in her hand, repeating softly:

“I will do it; I will do it though it kill me.”

The man who followed the maid into Madam’s boudoir was not of prepossessing appearance, short, thin, wiry, dark, an Italian plainly, slightly grizzled hair and beard. The thing that was most noticeable about the man was the strained, nervous, intent gaze of the eager eyes, in which fanaticism and insanity seemed struggling, and by their strife causing the

creation of internal fires that were consuming the man's very being.

"You may go, Marie," said Madam, as the man entered. Then carefully closing and locking the door, she turned to her visitor, saying:

"Well, Mortillo! What is the occasion of your seeking me?"

"Vera! I have come from the Tribunal."

The man's thin, scarlet lips seemed to blister and grow more vividly carmine, as the hot breath scorched them coming from the fiery furnace within, when the words were spoken.

"Since you became a member of our holy order," he continued with such intensity of manner that the very room seemed to grow heated, "no opportunity has offered for the performance of a sacred duty by the order, but at last"—and he fairly gasped out the words in gladness—"we have that for which we have waited, an occasion when and where justice may be executed, and we want funds to prepare the festival of death. You and yours are ours. I am sent with power from the Tribunal to demand one hundred thousand francs from you."

He drew from his pocket a paper and extended it toward the listening woman.

"Who is the criminal to be executed?" asked the Princess, without looking at or taking the extended paper.

“Peter Romanoff, sometimes known as the Czaro-vitch of Russia!” replied Mortillo.

“He goes to Carlsbad in October; our plans are all matured. We will succeed in our holy mission, for no detail is missing,” continued the Italian.

Something in the beautiful face caused Mortillo to stop suddenly.

“Is it to accomplish the death of that poor, weak creature Peter for which you want money?” sneeringly asked the Princess.

“I pity the wise Tribunal! The hand of death already rests on the victim. All the gold in the Ural Mountains could not purchase a lease of five years of life for him, and notwithstanding that, the Tribunal decrees the danger of his execution to its brothers, when time will so shortly perform that duty.”

“But,” broke in the fanatic, “natural death does not strike terror to the tyrants, and does not advance the Holy Cause of Anarchy.”

“Stop! Enough! Not one franc will I furnish for the purpose,” exclaimed the lady, and the red tide mounts higher and higher up the shapely neck of the speaker. Eyes so limpid with love’s potent elixir grow brighter and brighter. Beware of that brightness, Tribunal of Anarchy!

“Vera, you must! Remember your oath, and the vengeance of the brotherhood if you fail to keep it,”

retorted the man in the rash madness of infatuated fanaticism.

The leopardess springs from its couch among the roses, cast aside is somnolent stillness, quick life, action, concealment gone, with a rush all is over!

Prince Gourkoff's wife, with the elastic, pliant movement of the feline family, is close to the now excited theorist, has grasped and torn the paper that he has been extending, to fragments, eyes all blazing with the ferocity of the Tartar blood within her beautiful body.

"You must! to me, Vera Teska, Princess Gourkoff!" The words came with a menacing, purring sound from the hot, full, luscious lips which, parting, disclosed faultless pearly teeth, now closed so sharply that they seemed to bite each word uttered.

"Listen, Mortillo!" said the Princess as her firm, blue-veined fingers clasped the dusky wrist of the southron.

"I know nothing, care nothing for your so-called holy cause! I needed faithful, trustworthy assassins. I joined your band of murderers to secure them; Anarchy for any purpose, but assassination has been dead for fifty years. There are no secrets among us. You know that at one time I wanted Gourkoff 'Removed.'"

The sudden outburst had so stunned the anarchist.

He, speechless, could only bow his head in acquiescence.

“Now listen why I wished to be rid of Gourkoff,” continued the Russian Princess, her voice almost inaudible from suppressed emotion.

“I loved a man as only a woman like me can love, and that but once. My passion had consumed my very soul. I could have found the courage to have joined the fiends in hell to have gratified the cravings of my heart.” She paused, and panting, pressed both hands to her bosom.

After a few moments in which the man and woman intently gazed at each other, he with wonder, she with contempt, she continued.

“Fifteen years ago, when only eighteen years of age, I became the wife of the brilliant diplomatist, Prince Gourkoff. Knowing nothing of the heart’s wild desires, I was attracted by the fame and position of the Prince. My immense fortune, which, settled upon myself, furnished the means, my husband’s position provided the way, to gratify my every fancy.”

Mortillo interrupted the flood of words pouring from the lips of the now thoroughly aroused and excited woman, by saying:

“Yes, Vera, we of the brotherhood know all that, and recognized years ago the debt we owe you, in

bringing to our holy cause your influence and fortune."

"Man! Are you a fool? I have said I cared nothing for your crazy, fanatical cause. I wanted Gourkoff 'Removed' and was ready to pay the price of your band's services," disdainfully exclaimed the Princess, and with a deprecating sweep of her statuesque arm she seemed to brush aside the cause Mortillo called holy, and with an evident effort controlling her excitement, continued:

"I am telling you what you already know, Mortillo, and will add to my story that, that you do not know, only because I need you and your murderous associates now more than I ever did, and to perpetrate your insane deed of killing the Czarovitch, you need my money, and we had best understand each other before an arrangement is entered into. Now sit down and listen."

She pointed to a chair, upon which the anarchist dropped. She still standing, said:

"You broke in upon my story. In St. Petersburg, in the Court Circle, where we moved, many courtly, gallant men sought to win the favor of the young, and people say handsome, wife of the somewhat aged diplomatist who could spare but little time from the council table for social functions. Among all the number not one aroused the slightest throb-

bing of the pent-up passion of my wildly longing soul, until—”

And the Russian lady paused as if remembrance had overcome her. Going to a table, she drank hurriedly of some cordial, and then more calmly resumed her story:

“My husband introduced into our palace a mere boy, a youth of seventeen, Vladimar, Grand Duke of Russia, just returned from a tour with his tutor through Italy, who was with the Czar’s permission to pay a visit to the Czar’s most trusty servant, Prince Gourkoff.”

She ceased speaking for a moment, then proceeded.

“My heart had found its king, its one desire, the fullness of joy. I knew when I first heard his voice, felt the touch of his hand. Oh! God! How well I knew it! I loved him as a woman loves her lord, as a tigress loves her mate. He regarded me only as a boy does a woman older than himself, the wife of the faithful friend of his family. Oh! the agony of those my first hours of loving!”

The recollection caused her to cease speaking, and something of the fierceness forsook her glittering eyes, as speaking almost as if in self-communion, she said:

“We of Tartar blood know how to wait, and watch, in love as well as war. I waited, waited for the coming of the stronger passion of mature manhood,

when nature in its flood-tide hour breaks resistlessly the barriers raised by honor, duty, religion.

“In my dreams by night and day, sleeping and waking, for years, while Vladimar was coming to that glorious manhood’s hour that I thought would reward my waiting, I gloated over my joy in anticipation.

“As one regards the growing plant and loves and tends it, hoping for the fruit that will reward at maturity the care and attention, so did I.”

Again the Princess moved to the table and filled a glass of the cordial. Drinking it thirstily she returned to the place where she had been standing before the Italian, and said:

“At last I thought the hour near, and in my mad desire that no obstacle should stand between me and my joy, no matter how trifling might be the inconvenience, I wished myself rid of Gourkoff. Knowing how well he was guarded and protected by His Majesty’s soldiers, I conceived that political ‘Removal’ (as you call it) alone was possible. I sought your brotherhood for that purpose solely, Mortillo, not for your accursed ‘Holy Cause.’ Hear well, and know my meaning. I still am yours, but as from the first, not for your cause, but because I want a man ‘Removed.’ ”

A change came over the beautiful features. Hell

and the leopardess sprang into her countenance, as she almost in choking accent continued:

“You know that the assassination of Gourkoff, for which I furnished the funds, was unavoidably long delayed. In the meantime chance brought Vladimar and myself together in Naples. God! How I remember that moon-light night in May—that Italian sky. Alone with my love, the intoxicating, balmy air embracing us, the hush, the stillness of the hour, dreamy music drowning every restraining sense of duty, or honor, I, lost to all save my heart’s longing and long loving,—one moment Mortillo!” she cried, gasping as if in pain.

With a straining struggle suppressing the rising wrath within her heaving bosom, she said:

“I, drunk with emotion, I, Princess Gourkoff, the craved object of kings and countless nobles, in that hour, forgetting all save my long delayed mating, I, all unsolicited, without wooing, madly clasped the loved mate of my long sweet dreaming, and—”

She fairly hurled the words from her as with flaming face she sprang close to the now excited enthusiast of anarchism, grasping and fairly raising him from his chair as she hissed:

“Was scorned! My love rejected! My embraces repulsed! My arms, those so many gallant men had yearned to fill, cast away from where they rested, my bosom all suffused and warm with love’s mad-

ness torn from the resting place I had dreamed of. "Love," "duty," "honor," "faith of a friend of the family," these words, and contempt was the answer of the fruit of the plant I had tended; the fulfillment of what I had hoped for."

Out of breath and exhausted the now furious woman was for an instant silent, then almost in a whisper, added:

"My love was dead! Hate! Deathless hate filled my heart. I secured the recall of the decree for the 'Removal' of Gourkoff. I swore by every sacred emblem of the Church of Russia to 'Remove' the man who had scorned my love, and me. So guarded is the royal household that no opportunity offered as long as Vladimar remained in Russia. A decree of 'Removal' by the Order was useless. Now! Now! Thank heaven or hell, all is altered! The time has come to glut my wish for revenge, and the man to do the deed is here, and the man—you, Mortillo—bravest and surest assassin of anarchy's worshipers, ask me for money that helpless, dying Peter may be 'Removed.' "

"Calm yourself, Vera!" cried the now excited anarchist.

"Procure a decree for Vladimar's 'Removal' later. His death must follow Peter's, as then he is next heir to the tyrant's throne. Give me the money for the

expense of Peter's 'Removal' and Vladimar's death is assured, your vengeance certain."

"Not one franc of mine shall be expended in your project unless now, Yes! Now! I am revenged upon the man who scorned me, see!" she exclaimed holding toward the fanatic the telegram that had come that day.

"A trusty agent of mine, one of the Grand Duke's valets, telegraphed me from Odessa to-day, Gourkoff and Vladimar leave Odessa with a squadron of the Black Sea fleet. They pass by permission through the Dardanelles en route for America. They will stop at Gibraltar; it is there that the attempt must be made to 'Remove' the Grand Duke."

"But this cannot be done without a decree of the Tribunal," interposed Mortillo.

"Then you do it yourself," eagerly exclaimed the Princess.

Mortillo's eyes sparkled with the insanity born of that strange infatuation of the devotees to Nihilism.

"Will you furnish the hundred thousand francs for Peter's 'Removal' if I agree myself to suppress the other one?" asked the nervous, agitated Italian.

"Yes! Yes! and more. I trust you in this implicitly, my comrade," said the titled lady. Going to a table, on which were pen and paper, she hastily wrote a few lines, then saying as she handed them to Mortillo:

“Here is an order on my banker for two hundred thousand francs. Do with half what has been decreed, keep half yourself and ‘Remove’ the man I hate.”

The man seized the paper, crying in ecstasy of joy at the success of his mission to the Princess.

“It shall be done, Vera! I myself shall do it. Vladimar shall never leave Gibraltar alive!”

The woman flashed upon him a gaze so sharp as to penetrate the remotest recesses of his soul and as if satisfied said:

“It is a contract made then between us. I have done my part; do yours. I leave the means to you.”

She extended her hand which the fevered fingers of the half-crazed zealot clasped, and for a minute they stood thus looking at each other.

“Remember, my friend,” said the woman. “You carry the lives of the whole brotherhood in your keeping, for if you fail me—well! no matter—you must not fail! Now, adieu! Go! Send no word to me. I will learn all from the public journals.”

Waiting, standing, as the man left her until the sound of his departing footsteps died away in the distance, the tall figure of the splendid creature began swaying back and forth, with hands extended as if half wishing to recall her messenger of death. Slowly the color called up by her fury receded from her face. It became livid, the flashing eyes grew

dim, then closed, and with one wild, heart-rending scream, fell with a crash upon the floor.

“Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,” nor hath the heart of woman any feeling so deeply rooted as love. Let love be ruthlessly uprooted, and the strongest nature will cry out in anguish as love is torn from the heart it has grown in, and with its tendrils encircled.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

THE popularity of the new President, who in March A. D. 19— became the Executive of the Great Republic, was unparalleled in the history of the United States with the single exception of the universal love of the people of the country for the first President, Washington.

Even the immortal Lincoln had found opposition, and that, too, after for four years exhibiting qualities of such greatness, fortitude and patriotism as must have impressed even the most prejudiced.

Many changes had taken place, both internal and external, in the affairs of the United States, in the years that intervened between the election of Abraham Lincoln and John Morrison, the present President.

Much that had created bitterness in the political struggles of the era of Lincoln had entirely disappeared.

The people of the Union had become homogeneous. Prejudices born of intense earnestness, but accompanied with ignorance, had become obliterated.

New hope, new ambition had produced a change

of character in the whole people. Men's minds became interested in greater affairs than had occupied them in former years.

John Morrison had been elected to the high office of President of the United States by the unanimous vote of the Electoral College, and of far greater significance, by almost the entire individual vote of the citizens, a few scattered fanatics, still clinging to old obsolete fancies, alone voting against the most popular candidate for the presidency since the father of his country, George Washington.

This remarkable result had been produced by a combination of circumstances which had been evolved by the irresistible trend of events following the American-Spanish war of 1898.

As certain temperature, moisture and soil tend to produce the growth of certain vegetation, so a given set of surroundings—national atmosphere—cause a certain type of man to appear.

John Morrison was the natural product of changed conditions in the national life of the Union, caused by the abandonment of that policy of isolation, so long and tenaciously held by the Great Republic.

Forced to a course of action as war measures during 1898 which was directly opposite to the long established national policy of seclusion, a new vista of such grandeur and glory was presented before the nervous, restless Americans, who had grown

irritable by years of forced inaction and placid prosperity, that the old policies were powerless arguments to close the curtain upon the inviting view.

Isolation! Seclusion! Effeminating inaction! were thrust aside as unworthy of the race and nation. Anglo-Saxons, Onward! became the watchword of the Americans in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Such were the sentiments impregnating the very air breathed by John Morrison in the home of his boyhood on the fertile prairies of Illinois—for like almost all of America's great presidents, Morrison was a farmer's son, and spent the early years of his life where nature speaks to man in every rustle of the leaves, and courts close communion with her greatest handiwork by the very solitude of the situation.

Morrison came of good, plain, ordinary American people, neither very rich and learned nor very poor and ignorant—just the average found anywhere among the people of the Union. There was no remarkable difference between the home life of the future president, and thousands of other boys throughout the country—he attended the ordinary public school in the district where he lived—worked, played, studied and thought as boys usually do in America, with the single exception that patriotism and the glory of the nation were all-absorbing ideas with the boy.

A few years prior to the American-Spanish war,

the youth of the United States were accustomed to hear older people with whom they associated, generally discuss politics.

Fathers were either earnest Republicans or zealous Democrats, Protectionists or Free Traders, Gold or Silver men, and they were excitable and easily aroused to fiery action by contradiction, as if the very existence of the nation depended upon the conversion of every man in it to one idea.

The events of the war of 1898 had changed all of this as if by magic.

Petty differences and minor questions sunk into obscurity and were forgotten. Just as some persons are drowned in their own baths, so the differences existing between Americans became merged in America's glory.

As the Roman Republic, as Republican France, after the Revolution, so with the Great Republic of the Western Hemisphere after the war of 1898. "Glory and Onward" became the guiding sentiment of the nation.

The captured territory in the war of 1898, after peace was restored, remaining in the hands of the American government, had offered a vent or safety-valve to the restless, enterprising young men of the nation, who prior to this happy relief had begun to feel crowded and grow restless, adopting all kinds of visionary and dangerous doctrines, in their effort

to find a panacea for an over-abundance of energy and consequent unrest.

By the capture of the Spanish islands the United States found itself compelled to enter upon a larger policy, and take its natural position among the nations of the earth as one of the great powers.

God had greatly blessed the United States in its early existence as a nation. He had, in His all-wise providence, entrusted many talents in its keeping, and He would surely require an accounting.

Such was the view taken by the wise administration in charge of the affairs of the government at the conclusion of the Spanish war, and that it would be manifestly contrary to all that was righteous, to resist the obvious destiny for which the All-wise brought the nation into being to accomplish.

Hence, dating from 1898, the expansion and extension of America's influence, power, wealth and territory had been phenomenal, so that young John Morrison heard and read of the growing greatness of his country constantly.

The press, pulpit and politicians ceased discussing all kinds of "isms" and gave attention to the all-absorbing subject of interest to the people.

Morrison secured an appointment as a cadet after the usual competitive examination, and entered the West Point Military Academy.

He was a hard student and was graduated, hold-

ing a high position in his class. He received a commission in the Engineering Corps and was assigned to duty along the North Atlantic coast, assisting in the work of perfecting the national fortifications.

The young officer, though by no means a military Adonis, possessed the well set up figure that is usual with the West Point men. Being a very tall, large-framed man, his appearance was commanding, which, with a thoughtful countenance and studious habit of mind, gave to his manner somewhat more dignity than was pleasing to the fair women of the wealthy cities of New York and Boston, where his duties as engineer officer called him.

However, as an officer of the U. S. army, he had the entrée into the best circles of society, and received the usual attentions and invitations.

Among the many beautiful women whom he met, quiet Helen Vanness was the fairest to him, and the dignified, stalwart young soldier was the realization of Helen's dream of the only kind of man whom she would have for her husband.

Helen Vanness had been courted, her hand sought after by many; for not only was she endowed by nature with beauty and all those qualities of character that make women attractive to men, but she possessed also the immense fortune of her father, that he, in the great confidence he felt in the wisdom and judgment of his motherless daughter, had left at

his death to her, free and untrammelled by trusts.

So notorious had become the chase of fortune-hunters, after Helen Vanness and her millions—for lords and nobles had humbly placed their titles at the American girl's feet—that when Morrison found his love reciprocated, and the happiness was his to win the priceless jewel of a good woman's heart, he begged and finally obtained Helen's consent to an arrangement settling her fortune upon her children, and that during the life of her husband Helen should use her entire income in charitable work, giving her husband the honor of supporting his wife.

Helen's consent was reluctantly given only when "her soldier" told her that it affected his honor to have it so.

When, after the marriage, society ascertained that the wealthy Helen Vanness intended to live only in the manner and with the expense that her husband's salary could afford, society and the world were shocked at first, then smiled and exclaimed:

Ridiculous!

Absurd!

When the prying press of the country learned of these particulars (for the Vanness fortune was famous and so consequently was the marriage), and gave them to the public, Morrison's acquaintances cried:

"He is crazy! He is a fool!"

But the American people applauded the act and admired the man.

Thus first was the young lieutenant brought before the public.

In the years that followed Morrison's marriage, step by step he won his way up the military ladder of promotion until, when the one daughter, little Helen, that had been sent to this happy couple, was five years of age time found him a colonel of artillery.

It was then that a combination of the continental powers of Europe declared war against Great Britain.

The United States government remained a passive spectator until the cable flashed the information, that a fleet of the powers was on its way to make an attack upon Canada.

The administration at Washington promptly notified the foes of England, that the United States could not permit an attack upon British possession in the Western Hemisphere, and that in event such an attack was made, the government at Washington would construe the same as a declaration of war against the United States.

The European powers attempted to secure delay by diplomatic representations, but Congress instructed the President to utilize the forces of the Union to repel any attempted invasion of Canada.

The British government had for so many years relied confidently upon the gratitude of the Ameri-

cans, for acts of kindness performed by the English in America's hour of need, that only an exceedingly small force of British regulars was kept in Canada.

Therefore England was caught off her guard by the sudden and unexpected expedition of the allies to the Dominion.

Without an hour's delay, after receiving instructions from Congress, the President hurried Federal troops across the border into Canada, to join hands with the brave Canadian militia.

The Canadian government, however, in the usual bull-dog Anglo-Saxon way, was preparing, single-handed and alone, independently of the Imperial Government, to fight all Europe in defence of their land.

When the Federal soldiers came pouring across the lakes, such a welcome was accorded them as "a friend in need" always receives.

There was no surprise expressed, however.

"We expected to see the stars and stripes as soon as (foreign brutes) started for our side of the water," was the universal expression of our neighbors.

For such was, and had been for years, the well-founded faith of the Canadians, as well as the Imperial Government in what the Republic ought to do, and in the hour of need would do.

Colonel Morrison, in command of his regiment of

artillery, was rushed north from New York, where he had been stationed for some time, to Halifax.

Upon Morrison's command arriving at Halifax, it was assigned to a detached position in one of the recently constructed fortifications.

Within twenty-four hours the enemy's fleet appeared, and the bombardment of the defences began with such fury as the world had never known before.

Morrison had raised the American flag together with the British banner upon his part of the line of defences. The position held by his regiment being an exposed one, the enemy easily detected the kindred colors flying there.

The fact of the intervention of the United States was unknown to the commander of the expedition, who had had no opportunity of communicating with the allies since sailing from Europe.

The unexpected spectacle of the American flag flying with the British over the Halifax fortification, seemed to arouse a tempest of wrath and indignation.

"Yankee impudence and perfidy must be rebuked."

A perfect hail-storm of shot and shell was poured upon Morrison's devoted detachment.

First one flag and then the other would fall, shot down by the fast flying missiles.

Morrison, with the same quiet dignity that marked the man in the salons of New York, would mount

the parapet and replace the flags, allowing no other to attend to that dangerous duty.

After hours of thunderous cannonading, when the guns of the fortifications had simply been ground to pieces and silenced, an attempt was made by the foreigners to effect a landing and gain a foothold upon that soil that is sacred alike to Canadian and American.

Morrison's men dragged the light guns that they had brought from the States, and which had been useless before, forward, and in a deluge of death-dealing iron rain, whirled them into position on the shore.

Destruction met the on-coming launches loaded with the enemy!

No foreign foot ever touched the land!

Morrison had attached both flags to one pole, and carrying it himself, had directed the movements of his men.

The attack was repulsed. Maimed, broken and beaten the fleet of the enemy retired, seeking easier game along the American coast of the Union, but, however, only to fall in with British and American men-of-war.

The few not captured or sunk, harried, beaten and demoralized, were only too glad to escape whence they came.

This brief war ending, Colonel John Morrison

received a vote of thanks from the Congress of the United States, together with complimentary resolutions from the Dominion of Canada and the Imperial Government.

The Imperial Ruler of the British Empire presented the now Brigadier-General Morrison (for he had been promoted for gallantry), a medal upon which was engraved the two flags upon a single pole, as he had borne them.

Among the rank and file of the army, he was ever afterward dubbed affectionately "Old two flag."

But praise and promotion was robbed of all pleasure for the brave officer, for death that had hovered long over his devotedly loved wife, only delayed its final bidding until she had realized the happiness of knowing that her husband's courage and conduct was appreciated by all men speaking the English language.

The Vanness fortune, upon the death of Mrs. Morrison, was left in trust for little Helen, to be transferred to her when she became twenty-one years of age, the income to accumulate and be invested by the trustees until that time; General Morrison being unwilling to appear charitable by using the income of his wife's fortune in works of mercy.

After the death of his dearly loved wife all of Morrison's affection was concentrated upon his

daughter Helen. He lived and thought only of her,—and his country's glory.

For many years during the childhood of his daughter he was assigned to commands within the Union, thus enabling him to have his child constantly with him and to supervise her education.

When Helen Morrison was nineteen years of age, General Morrison was ordered to South America, to take command of the division of the Federal army stationed in the Argentine, to protect that republic from interference by the Italian government.

The Italian emigrants to the Argentine, who had settled in large numbers in that republic, had attempted to overthrow the government, had proclaimed it an Italian province, and had invited aid from the King of Italy.

Helen Morrison insisted upon accompanying her father to Buenos Ayres. When remonstrated with by the General upon the needless fatigue and peril she would incur, replied:

“Why! father, I am an American soldier's daughter, and have been in the army all my life, and you know we army people think nothing of fatigue, and peril is part of our profession.”

Then putting her arms around the stern old warrior's neck, she said softly:

“Beside, dear father, our angel in heaven would

wish it, she left you to me, and said, I was to take care of you, when I was ever so little."

Morrison pressed his daughter close to his breast, and though he made no answer, the question was settled.

Helen went to South America with him.

It was during this memorable campaign that General John Morrison and his daughter won the hearts of the American people.

The intervention of the Great Republic of the North was basely misrepresented by foreign governments. Their emissaries proclaimed broadcast throughout South America, that the protecting arm of the United States was treacherously extended and that conquest was intended, not protection.

When General Morrison reached South America, he found the whole continent aflame, his army surrounded by multitudinous foes; trained soldiers of Italy landing in front of his army and a horde of excited and deluded natives in the rear and around his position.

Leaving his daughter to the care of the American Consul-General at Montevideo, the General joined his army in the field.

By masterly strategy, and desperate fighting, accompanied by superb diplomacy in dealing with the South Americans, after two years of hard campaigning, during which time he was often forced as far as

the Andes and out of touch with the government at Washington, General Morrison succeeded in driving the foreign forces from the continent.

He successfully negotiated a treaty of peace between the Republics of the South, restored order among the people, removed the false impression concerning the motive of the United States in interposing its strong arm, and firmly established the friendship that has ever since existed between the Republics of the South and the Great Republic of the North American Continents.

Nor did Morrison fail to assert the supreme influence that the United States insisted it should exercise in the affairs of the governments of the Western Hemisphere in dealing with the nations of the Eastern World.

It was during the absence of her father with his hard-pressed army that Helen Morrison exhibited that lion-like American courage, that proclaims the race whence the Americans come on every occasion that fearlessness is demanded.

The populace of Montevideo becoming incensed and excited by the false machinations of the paid agitators of Italy, made an attack upon the American consulate, where Helen was living.

The Consul-General was killed, the frightened attaches, fleeing for their lives, left the consulate, the

American flag and the American General's daughter to the mercy of the mob.

Fear was as foreign to Helen Morrison's bosom as it was to her father's. Taking her stand by the window from which the stars and stripes was suspended, she, alone, repeating rifle in hand, stood guard over the flag of her country.

After the misled mob had wrecked the lower floor of the consulate, the frenzied people made a rush up the stairs to get at the flag against which by falsehoods their anger had been aroused.

Confronted by the pale, resolute young woman who without a tremor in her voice, now as ringing as her father's on the field of battle, cried to them:

"Stop where you are! I will shoot if you come nearer or touch the flag."

The mob hesitated, before such an unexpected apparition and unlooked for greeting, then muttered, warned, cursed and finally began hurling missiles as well as oaths at the lone guardian of her country's banner.

A stone striking the girl's fair forehead, and cutting it, she staggered as the blood gushed over her face. The mob made a rush forward.

Dashing the blood from her eyes, this gently nurtured woman, now that the fighting Anglo-Saxon temper was aroused that lays dormant in every American and English woman, began shooting. No

Western cowboy ever "pumped lead" faster and with more precision. The rifle-barrel grew hot, scorching the delicate hand, but the hand never trembled. So rapidly was the rifle exploded that the mob was halted, amazed. Confused it retreated, leaving the stairs littered with dead and wounded.

Back into the street and around the building the maddened mass surged, swaying, cursing and howling for two nerve-trying hours, shooting holes in the flag and firing at the window and building, but fearfully held back from mounting the stairs which that terrible rifle protected.

A British man-of-war (only a small cruiser), was in the harbor. The riot had been reported to the commander early, but as he had no orders from his government and the lives and property of British subjects were not endangered, he had remained quiescent until the report was brought to him of the condition of affairs above recorded, and that an American woman alone and wounded was holding the mob at bay and defending the flag of America.

The British bull-dog blood was up in an instant, and the brave sailor said with more profanity possibly than polite society is accustomed to:

"I'll be d—— if an Englishman can stand that. There may be a h—— of a row when they hear of it in England, but here goes, for "blood is thicker

than water'' as the American sailor Tatnall once said under like conditions. "Call away 'All the boats!'"

With ringing cheers the boats were soon loaded with brave British blue-jackets. With a cheer led by their commander, they charged the mob around the American consulate. Soon the street was clear of rioters; a British guard was established, and Helen, tenderly tended by the kind-hearted, fatherly British surgeon, was removed to a place of safety.

* * * * *

It was after the two years spent in South America and the dangers and trials that had been experienced, that General Morrison and his daughter arrived in America, to receive a national ovation.

The press had familiarized every citizen with the acts and deeds of the General and his beautiful daughter while in South America, and the great patriotic heart of the people of the Union was stirred with love and gratitude for both father and daughter.

General John Morrison was rewarded by Congress in praise and promotion, and by the people of the nation by his election to the high office of president of the country that he had so gallantly served.

Helen Morrison shared with her father the love and admiration of the American people. No woman in the history of the nation had ever held a similar position before in the hearts of the great mass of the citizens.

CHAPTER IV.

WILL HE REMEMBER ?

The Russian flagship fairly blazed with electric lights as the steam launches from the British and American men-of-war bearing the guests of the Grand Duke Vladimar approached the gangway.

Both the Russian Admiral and Prince Gourkoff met the officers of the two nations as they appeared on the deck of the vessel with a warm greeting, and introduced them into the magnificent saloon of the ship where they were presented to the Russian Grand Duke.

Like the gracious gentleman he was, the Grand Duke received the guests with utmost cordiality and with little of the formality of manner that is supposed to be customary with royalty; in fact he seemed by his frankness to endeavor to dispel any stiffness at the dinner that might be occasioned by his royal rank.

With Commodore Adams came one who wore the uniform of a colonel of cavalry in the American army. He was presented to His Highness as Colonel George Howard.

As the two men clasped hands, they formed an ideal picture of types of masculine beauty.

The American soldier, tall as the Russian prince was, towered above him. The blue uniform coat of cavalryman seemed moulded on his great figure, giving every outline of his almost gigantic proportions. His shoulders stood out a hand's breadth on either side of the Grand Duke's as the men stood facing each other.

Deep of chest, thin of flank, Howard was a picture of the old Grecian gladiators who filled Rome's arena centuries ago. Upon a massive, muscular neck that rose straight and firm as an oaken column from his immense shoulders, he carried the erect head of the well-trained soldier.

Any famous beauty might with reason have envied the big soldier the mass of closely cropped golden curls that lying thickly, covered his large and shapely head. Across his broad brow the fatigue cap, worn constantly, had drawn a line; above it the skin was as white and fair as an infant's; below the line the face was bronzed by southern suns into a dark-red brown.

With large blue eyes that ever mark the bravest and the tenderest, well-formed nose and full soft curling blonde beard, Colonel Howard was a glorious model of a man and soldier, the long scar across his cheek rather adding to, than detracting from, his grand appearance.

The Grand Duke was immensely pleased with the

great American soldier, and after the presentation of the officers was over, His Highness joined the party where he saw Howard vigorously shaking the hand of a captain of the British navy.

“Great God! man, you have a grip of iron!” exclaimed the captain, laughing, freeing his hand from Howard’s grasp as Vladimar approached the party.

Amidst great laughter from Howard’s brother officers, one of them said:

“We all know the Colonel’s friendly grasp and beg to be excused from shaking hands with him.”

Howard, much confused, the bronze of his face growing brighter with blushes, said to the Grand Duke, by whom he seemed to have been most favorably impressed, in explanation, and by way of apology to the suffering, but smiling British captain:

“Your Highness will understand, and I know Captain Somers will excuse the vehemence of my greeting, when I state that all Americans are grateful to this gallant officer for his brave rescue in Montevideo of the best beloved woman in America.”

“And what, may I ask,” said the Grand Duke smiling at the amusing exhibition of such powerful handshaking, “is the name of the lady, so popular in America?”

All the Americans regarded the Russian with a commingling of pity and astonishment at his ignorance, and Howard, with an inclination of the head,

as if the name commanded a certain reverence, said:

“The name of the lady is Helen Morrison; she is the President’s daughter. Captain Somers was in command of a British cruiser at Montevideo during the war in South America, and rescued Miss Morrison from the mob that destroyed the American consulate, and killed the Consul-General.”

“Surely England and America were not allies in that war,” said Vladimar with some surprise. “Great Britain had no hand in that matter. I perfectly remember reading of the incident, but imagined the commander of the cruiser had been severely censured and dismissed from the service.”

Captain Somers who became greatly amused as the Russian proceeded was fairly chuckling with glee when he concluded:

“Bless! if I know how it came about,” said the brave and jolly English officer.

“I got the merry devil in public from the Admiralty, and privately I was patted on the back, chucked up a grade, and made captain. I was disgraced from commander to captain,” said Somers amidst roars of laughter from the listening group about him, “and ruined socially forever by being invited away from my musty old club to dine with a certain exalted person, the first gentleman in England, by whom I was treated most handsomely,” added the captain.

“One more disgrace like that,” said Sir John Colquitt, who had moved over to the merry party, and was highly amused at his captain’s story, “and Somers, you will jump over all of our heads into an admiral’s berth.”

“Well!” said Somers with enthusiasm, “I am ready to risk the disgrace and waive the promotion to have the honor of being of service to such a splendid woman as Miss Morrison. Your President’s daughter is simply superb under fire, and perfectly charming at all times.”

Involuntarily the brawny cavalryman reached forward to grasp the Englishman’s hands again, but the gallant captain saw the hand coming toward his and stepping back, cried out:

“I’m d—— if you do, Colonel; one time is enough—I’ll shake hands with Commodore Adams instead.”

When the mirth occasioned by this sally at Howard’s expense had subsided, the Grand Duke remarked:

“It is wonderful the way you British and Americans are continually getting mixed up, aiding each other when really it is not your duty to do so, and in fact when it is contrary to your best interest to give aid, and still somehow you always come out all right.”

“Well! Your Highness,” said Sir John, “these Yankees and British are like birds hatched in the

same nest. We sing the same songs and have the same plumage, only the Yankees flew across the ocean to make a new nest and we remained by the old one; but we like all the same to flock together, being birds of a feather."

The announcement that dinner was served ended the conversation. The party was soon seated around the table glittering with costly plate and radiant with fragrant Spanish flowers from Gibraltar. After a perfectly served meal of delicious viands, the usual complimentary toasts were offered.

When America was named, the British officers responded more heartily than to any other sentiment, save only when the toast was Great Britain, and then the Americans vied with the Englishmen in doing honor to the home whence came the ancestors of the Americans.

During the dinner the Grand Duke endeavored to induce Colonel Howard to relate some of his many adventures, as the Russian prince had learned from the other American officers that Howard was one of the bravest and most daring soldiers in the American army.

Howard, however, was as modest as he was brave, and refused to be "drawn out" by the questions of His Highness, until finally Vladimar asked the reason for the great admiration felt by the Ameri-

cans for General Morrison whom they had so unanimously elected President.

“Because,” replied Howard, ready at once to speak of the deeds of another, “he is a great and good man, the bravest of the brave as a soldier, as a strategist and commander-in-chief the equal of our famous Americans, Grant and Lee. The campaign of La Platte, in which he contended against the combined forces of South America, will long remain a subject of study and a source of instruction for military men.”

“Your Highness,” interrupted Commodore Adams, “Howard omits to mention the fact that in that campaign he commanded the brigade of cavalry, the brigadier-general receiving a wound early in the conflict and being unable to lead his men. Nor does the Colonel mention that it was the tireless and terrible attacks of the United States cavalry upon the famed Guacho Horsemen of the Pampas that finally freed the American army from the swarm of foes by which it was surrounded.”

“Well! to be sure I served with the President in that war, and of course saw some fighting,” remarked Howard in a deprecating tone.

“Some fighting!” exclaimed Commodore Adams.

“Why man, the women of La Platte hush their children to sleep yet by the mention of the ‘Blonde

Devil' as South Americans dubbed you," and turning to Vladimar the Commadore continued:

"They say if a Guacho anywhere in South America has a scar on him and is asked how he got it, his invariable reply is 'The Blonde Devil's saber.' "

Howard protested against what he said was only the Commadore's yarn and all nonsense; but somehow, as Howard's deep strong voice sounded along the saloon, and the Grand Duke noted the nervous fingers of the powerful hand now shaking a napkin at Adams across the table, he believed the sailor's story.

"You, then, were much with General Morrison in South America, Colonel! Did you meet his much admired daughter?" asked the Grand Duke.

"I have had that honor," briefly replied Howard.

"Pray, Colonel, describe this peerless sample of the feminine sex," said the Russian gaily.

The blonde giant straightened up in his chair and fixing his gaze sternly upon the smiling Grand Duke, in a tone of voice almost menacing as it came rolling from his broad chest, replied:

"General Morrison's daughter is not a subject I care to hear discussed lightly, besides, an ordinary soldier like myself, more used of late years to the field than to polite society, would find the subject far above his power of description, being so much better,

nobler and purer than that men in any society anywhere are accustomed to."

The emphasis with which the words "any society anywhere" were spoken, indicated much meaning, and was so understood by all who heard them.

The Grand Duke seeing the error, of manner more than words, into which he had fallen, gracefully withdrew from further prosecution of that theme of conversation, by the use of a lot of the well-turned phrases of good society, but observed the approval among the Americans that Howard's answer had met with and silently made the comment that "In the matter of pride, these republican nobodies out-herod Herod."

Prince Gourkoff, while apparently giving his whole attention to the recital of Sir John Colquitt's account of the evolutions of the allied fleets of Great Britain and the United States in the East, where Sir John and Commodore Adams had met first as young lieutenants, in fact heard and saw all that was going on around his protégée, the Grand Duke, and as he watched the American cavalryman he thought,

"After this visit to the Republic, I shall advise Vladimar to avoid that blonde giant, as a meeting might prove hazardous to His Highness."

The conversation becoming general, Prince Gourkoff inquired concerning the present expedition to Palestine, as he had learned that that was the destina-

tion of troop-ships convoyed by the two men-of-war of the United States. Upon being informed by the American Commodore that Colonel Howard was in command of the troops and had received his orders directly from the President, he said, addressing his remarks to Howard:

“Colonel, maybe you can tell me why the American government is sending so many soldiers to Asia? I am informed there are already more than twenty thousand American soldiers in Palestine, beside large garrisons on the Balearic Islands, which, with the force now stationed by England’s permission at Cyprus, seems sufficient for any reasonable object that the Washington government may have in view.”

“I am sure, sir,” replied Colonel Howard abruptly, for the appearance of Prince Gourkoff had not pleased him, “I cannot give you the desired information. I am only a soldier, not a politician. The orders that I have had the honor to receive from the commander-in-chief were simply to reinforce the army of Asia with the two regiments of cavalry which as brevet-brigadier-general I command. I believe, however,” Howard added with the fierce light of battle coming into his blue eyes, “that the Arabs and wild Mohammedan horsemen of the desert are giving our men some trouble, and my command is sent to hold them in check.”

“The resources of America must be exhaustless,

and you Americans have a right to be proud of your country, but really it seems somewhat Quixotic for your nation to have gone to the expense, danger and trouble of protecting the Jews of Palestine," insinuated the diplomatist in the most guileless way imaginable.

"I am not surprised at the action of our government, and think that I can explain the position of America in the premises," said Commodore Adams, and instantly the other speakers around the table became silent and listened attentively to the American Commodore.

"When the fanatical followers of Mahomet became aroused by this new Mahdi, and began an attack upon all 'Disbelievers,' as they call those who do not bow to their prophet, the European governments quickly called a halt upon the attacks making upon the Christians, and sufficient influence was brought to bear by the Sublime Porte upon the Mahdi and his hordes to cause a termination of that part of the programme, but the suffering of the Jews was another matter. No nation of Europe was especially interested nor likely to give trouble, and upon that much abused race fell the wrath of the fanatics with unequaled fury." The American paused, and glancing proudly around the table, exclaimed:

"But the Mahdi and his disciples, as well as the Sublime Porte, had forgotten that the flag of the Western

Republic flies as a beacon-light for men of every faith. A sure sign of security to all, let them worship their God as they may. As the champions of freedom and civilization the wide world over, we insist upon toleration, and that all men shall be humanly treated. Beneath our starry banner every faith may flourish. It is the very essence of the life of our nation."

The sailor's studious visage flushed at the applause of his hearers, in which applause the British officers were decidedly the most demonstrative, and when it ended resumed by saying:

"Many of America's most prominent, patriotic, valued citizens are of the Jewish faith. When they appealed to the American Congress in behalf of their persecuted co-religionists, Congress gave ready attention to their petition, diplomacy failing to produce a cessation of outrages that might have been tolerable in Spain in the sixteenth century, but not to be tolerated by free America in the twentieth, the government was forced to try the efficacy of the valor and arms of its soldiers."

"You Anglo-Saxons," said Gourkoff as Commodore Adams finished speaking, "have adopted an old method in occupying territory. Charlemagne extended his empire over all Teutonic territory under like pretense, that is upon questions of religion. We find to-day a British army in Turkey, upon the

pretext that the Armenian Christians are cruelly treated, and an American army in Palestine, because the Jews are persecuted.”

“But, Prince Gourkoff,” replied Sir John Colquitt, taking up the cudgel for his country, “the difference, if my memory serves me correctly, between Charlemagne’s methods and those of the American government and our own, is that the great conqueror said: ‘Believe as I do or be beheaded,’ while both of the Anglo-Saxon nations proclaim that everyone is entitled in this civilized century to worship God in his own manner, and shall not be made to suffer because of religious belief. (We go, not to conquer, but to free mankind. We men of Anglo-Saxon blood firmly believe that God Almighty has preserved our race in many awful hours, when storm and disaster surrounded us, for that purpose. It is the destiny of our great brother nations.”)

With an amused smile the cool, old diplomatist regarded the fervent speaker and in a musing voice remarked:

“A most remarkable similarity in the sentiment of British and the Americans.”

Commodore Adams tersely and quickly replied:

“Blood, language, literature, law and origin in common should create similar feelings even if Sir John and I do wear different uniforms.”

Prince Gourkoff deftly led the drift of the con-

versation in another direction, seeing there was not much use attempting to make an impression upon his hard-headed listeners in the way adopted, and suggested the long friendship that had existed between Russia and the Republic, saying:

“Russia has always stood firmly the friend of America, exhibiting that feeling in the darkest days of Civil War, between the States away back in 1863, when even brother was arrayed against brother.”

“That evidence of the friendship of Russia has always been appreciated in our country, no matter whether the motive was unselfish or not,” bluntly said Colonel Howard.

“It is impossible to suggest a selfish motive,” said Gourkoff quickly.

“I don’t mean to even suggest one, but as a matter of fact, Uncle Sam was an awfully convenient clog to tie to John Bull’s leg when old John started to charge upon some wrong-doer,” answered Howard with a degree of sharpness to which the smooth Russian diplomatist was unused to.

“It is certainly charming,” said Gourkoff, an almost imperceptible sneer upon his pale face, and in his low, well-modulated voice, “to see foes who formerly fought with the bitterness of the British and Americans become so loving and amiable.”

Howard leaning forward, his massive frame resting upon the edge of the table, one muscular hand

clasping the arm of Sir John Colquitt, who was seated next to him, and the other hand extended toward the Russian, said slowly, impressively and with deliberation:

“Prince Gourkoff, it was just what you have uttered that for so many years foolishly kept America and England apart. Politicians played upon that feeling with the ignorant masses. The glorious progress of the United States was retarded for fifty years by the idiotic idea that we should ever remember the strife, that now I can say fervently, thank God! is forgotten.”

The American soldier paused as if indeed rendering thanksgiving to the Almighty for the great good that had come to mankind by an amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon race for the purpose of the advancement of civilization and Christianity, and then the Colonel added:

“To the nation that Sir John represents with so much credit, belongs the honor of bringing about this consummation so desirable. For years the British had extended to us the hand of friendship, nay more, kinship; but among our people there remained some resentment, reluctance and great suspicion concerning the sincerity of the English, our country hesitated to accept the kind overtures of the great empire.”

Growing more emphatic, the grand voice of

the cavalry commander rang out as it often had done in battle:

“But at last America could be no longer blinded; the Old Lion across the sea did love its Cubs and proved it in 1898, when the English stood the Republic’s friend during the war with Spain.” The conduct then of “our kin across the sea” carried firm conviction to the hesitating hearts of the most doubting, and silenced forever the rabid Anglophobists.”

As Howard ended, Sir John who was impetuosity personified, threw his arm around the American and hugged him, exclaiming:

“I’ve heard of you, Howard, as a fighter, but I can swear you are a speaker.”

The old Russian, finding that no matter how he turned the conversation, it somehow got back to the “same old story,” as he called it, was quite ready to acquiesce in the motion to adjourn to the deck above, where the band of the flagship was playing.

As Vladimar passed the prince, he whispered:

“It was a love feast indeed.”

Gourkoff quickly answered,

“It is always so, I am told, when these two flags are together.”

When the deck was reached, the Grand Duke said to Howard:

“Come, Colonel, let us promenade the deck while we finish our cigars.”

Leaving the party, the two men began walking back and forth, discussing their hunting experiences, for both were ardent sportsmen. The American had made great bags of game in South America, Cuba, China, in fact wherever he had been stationed.

Vladimar had also seen considerable sport in the field, hunting the best game sections of the broad Russian Empire, so that the men soon became deeply interested in a subject possessing a charm for both.

Thus engrossed, they paid but little attention to the balance of the party until Sir John Colquitt, Commodore Adams and the other officers came forward to take leave of the Grand Duke, their launches being at the gangway.

When Howard turned to say good-night, Vladimar said, holding the American by the hand:

“Can’t I detain you a while longer? I would like to hear the end of your experience in your grizzly bear hunt. We will send you over to your ship in one of our launches later.”

Howard, who by this time had formed quite a kindly feeling for the Russian, willingly assented.

After the other guests had departed, Vladimar said to the Russian Admiral:

“Admiral, while your ship is delightful, still I have a fancy for a stroll on land, and if Colonel Howard will accompany me and you will lend us a

boat, as the night is beautiful and it is not very late, I shall go ashore."

"Of course, Your Highness," said the Admiral. "The ship and all that is in her is subject to your disposal. Shall I have a guard accompany you?"

"Oh! For the Lord sake! No! I am weary of always having guards around me, beside I expect Colonel Howard and I can take care of ourselves under almost any circumstances," said Vladimar as he glanced at the great size of his companion who, with a grim smile listened to what was said.

Gourkoff just then joined them, and hearing of the proposed trip to Gibraltar, he said something softly to the Grand Duke that was not heard by the others, but the reply that Gourkoff received was:

"Nonsense! I am not in Russia, the idea is absurd."

This put an end to further suggestion or comment. Shortly the boat was ready and the two men, representing the two extremes of government, the most free and the most autocratic, were seated side by side chatting with the good fellowship that the subject of sport always insures when its devotees meet.

When the landing was reached, the Grand Duke suggested a visit to a café, where the previous night he had been with a party of Russian officers from the cruisers coaling in the harbor, saying:

"The music of the guitars will recall doubtless

Havana to you, Colonel, and the excellent iced champagne will remind us both of Paris."

When the café was reached, it was found crowded with representatives of almost every nation on earth, the red-coated soldiers of England, the blue-uniformed men of the American transports, swarthy sons of Spain and robust representatives of Russia, all mingled together as pleased spectators of the graceful dancing of a girl in the center of the room, who with rattling castanets and flying feet glided over the floor, where a place had been cleared for her dancing.

The Grand Duke and the American Colonel made their way through the outer circle of the girl's admiring audience, Howard returning the salutes of many of the young officers from the American ships as he pushed forward. Delighted with the swift and easy motions of the dancer, the two companions remained standing in the bright light at the edge of the space made for the dancer until with a whirl of black lace, a swish of yellow silk, the girl finished.

The appearance of the American and the Russian Grand Duke was so imposing that their coming had created some sensation, and many eyes were turned toward them with interest. As the circle around the senorita, after filling her hands with coin, returned to the tables, the two compan-

ions selecting a place in one corner, seated themselves and called for a bottle of champagne.

“Americans and Russians are alike in one respect at least, we both prefer champagne to any other kind of wine,” said Vladimar, as the cork popped from the bottle.

“Permit me,” said Howard, “to add to that another point of similarity between our nations, the world says Russians and Americans make most excellent soldiers.”

“I thank you for the compliment you pay Russia in naming her soldiers with the Americans. We in Europe thought but lightly of your volunteer militia, until we saw time and again your raw recruits fight with the steadiness of veterans, and the ferocity of tigers.”

Thus the talk turned to military affairs, in which Howard was so well versed that Vladimar was glad to listen to the practical manner in which the subject was handled.

Entertained and interested they did not notice that the music had ceased and the café was nearly empty, until an attendant called their attention to the fact that the hour for closing had come.

While the Grand Duke and Howard were standing in the circle of light looking at the dancing, they had not noticed the eager gaze fixed on them by the glittering eyes of a small, dark, tigerish-looking man,

who from the outskirts of the ring around the dancer, watched their every motion.

When they had selected a table and were seated, the same sparkling glances followed them, as the dark man secured a position in a corner near by and waited.

As Vladimar and Howard stepped into the street, the man who had been watching them, rose from where he was seated and prepared to follow, but was detained for some minutes, while the attendant who had waited at his table calculated the charge for the refreshments that had been served the watcher.

At last the score was settled and the man hurried out of the now darkened café; when he reached the street he hesitated, looking up and down as if in doubt in which direction to hasten, no one being in sight either up or down the street.

Finally, as if at last resolved upon the course he should take, he darted around the corner of the first street and glided swiftly along in the shadow of the houses, making straight for the landing where the Russian launch was lying waiting for His Highness.

The American and Russian, arm in arm, all unconscious of the very existences of anyone watching them, had, upon leaving the café, carelessly sauntered down a by-way where the moon-light was brightest, continuing their conversation as they proceeded toward the stairs where they had landed.

Coming out from the shadow upon the wharf where the light fell with all the splendor of the full moon, the Grand Duke and Howard found themselves at the far end of the dock, and walked slowly along the edge of the pier toward the stairs, enjoying the glorious scene that the moonlight falling on the white ships, silvering the water around them, had created; they did not notice the figure stealthily creeping behind them.

Suddenly Howard was aroused from his silent contemplation of the scene spread before him by the falling of some object, a parcel, just before him and his companion, and the sound of footsteps running. One instant only he paused, then hearing the tick, tick, coming with clock-like sound from the parcel before him, he, like a flash of lightning striking, seized the Prince around the waist and whirled him up into the air as if he had been an infant, the mighty muscles of the big American's thighs gathered together and he sprang with the Russian in his arms out into the water of the bay.

Simultaneous with the closing of the water over the heads of the two men came a fearful explosion, rocks and pieces of timber fell all around the spot where the American and his burden had sunk.

The men rose to the surface, Howard still grasping the Grand Duke.

"Can you swim?" asked the American when he

recovered his breath after the sudden plunge into the cold water.

“Yes, but I am confused, what has happened?” replied Vladimar, freeing himself from the grasp that held him.

“No time this to talk; swim after me and make for the boat,” replied Howard, at the same time striking out with powerful strokes, making for the launch that was seen rapidly approaching.

The officer in charge of the boat in attendance, had heard the explosion and the voices coming from the surface of the water, had guessed what it meant and acted quickly.

Hardly were the swimmers drawn into the boat when the Grand Duke seized both of Howard’s hands, saying as he did so:

“I realize what it all means now. I owe my life and safety to your great presence of mind, quickness of decision, action and superb strength, Colonel Howard. I shall never forget it.”

“I hope that I did not hurt you when I grabbed hold of you, but there was no time for ceremony,” said the American laughing and releasing his hands to wring the water out of the skirts of his coat.

“Don’t treat my gratitude lightly, my friend,” said Vladimar, “I should surely have been killed but for your promptness of action. How can I thank you?”

“By saying nothing more about it, Your High-

ness," replied the cavalryman brusquely and then added:

"It was an old trick and I recognized the ticking clockwork of a dynamite machine in an instant. You see, I had the same thing tried on me while in Paraguay during the South American war, and it was only by good luck that both General Morrison and myself were not killed."

As the Grand Duke of Russia ascended the ladder to the flagship (Howard insisted upon returning to the American ship for dry clothing and to report the matter to the Commodore) he said, holding firmly the hand of the American soldier:

"Howard, I shall never forget this night. Should time ever place it in my power to prove my gratitude, I will remember!"

Lights were now flashing all over the ships, fortifications, harbor and the town of Gibraltar. The news of the attempted assassination had spread on the wings of the wind.

Great was the bustle, noise and investigation, but no one was arrested.

Time holds in its iron clutches the answer to the question

"Will the Russian remember?"

CHAPTER V.

“THE OLD STORY.”

ONE morning in April, a short time before General Morrison left Buenos Ayres for America, Helen came all fresh and smiling into the breakfast room of the mansion that was the commander-in-chief's headquarters and greeted her father by saying:

“One kiss will not answer this morning, you must make it one and twenty, for to-day is the anniversary of my birthday; that very important day has arrived, and I am now of age.”

“Well, Helen,” said the General, “you must forgive me, but I have had so many things to think of in preparing for our departure for home that the fact really is, that to-day was your birthday had escaped my attention.”

And as the old warrior looked with approval upon the tall, fine figure of the young woman before him, whose big, brown eyes looked up lovingly at him, he musingly continued:

“It only seems yesterday that you were a baby, and here you are of age. I suppose soon you will be marrying and leaving her gruff old father.”

“Not the slightest danger of my marrying; I don’t believe the man lives who could induce me to leave my good father.”

“You grow more like your mother, daily, my dear, just as she looked at me the day we were married, you did when you came into the room,” said the father, and pushing the bright chestnut hair away from the fair brow around which it clustered, again he kissed his daughter, though this time with a sigh as he thought of another Helen Morrison whom this one so nearly resembled.

When seated at the table it was a pretty picture that they made. The General’s hair had grown gray early and now was almost white. His large black eyes, dark ruddy complexion, the erect and stately carriage, made him a noticeable person in any gathering.

His daughter, as she gracefully presided at the table, presented in perfection womanhood in the morning of its glorious day.

Tall, with some of her father’s dignity, figure full, rounded and well developed; great brown eyes that looked straight, calmly and honestly at any one addressed.

Strength of mind and firmness of character was written in every line and feature of the sweet face that smiled upon the General over the tea-tray.

But with all the dignity, strength of mind and character, Helen was all womanly, loving, lovable.

There is no relation in life more elevating than that existing between a father and his daughter, especially if they be companionable. There is something in his position as protector, guide and lover that draws closer the kinship between earthly father and Heavenly Father. The confident reliance of a daughter in the sure, strong, unselfish love of her father unsullied by any feeling save paternal, her trustful confidence in his love and leading, her confidential conversations with him, all ennoble, elevate, broaden the mind and heart of a woman.

The General and his daughter were companions, friends, (nothing expresses it as well) "chums." Over their breakfast they chatted as freely and gaily as two young people, the General saying as he pushed his chair away from the table:

"Well, I have had the honor of being served by one of the greatest heiresses on the Western Hemisphere, for to-day, Helen, you come into possession of the Vanness fortune, increased now largely by the accumulations of the last fifteen years. I suppose the Trust Company in New York is awaiting your appearance, young lady, with anxiety, ready to render an accounting of its stewardship."

"Father, I have been thinking about this fortune

quite a good deal lately, and what to do with it," said Helen.

Coming around the table and sitting by her father's side, taking his hand and looking tenderly, lovingly at him, she continued:

"You know, father, how you acted regarding my mother's money when you were married, and how happily you and mother lived and how you loved each other without it, and since we lost our angel, how happy and comfortable you and I have been without that lot of money. Now the care, responsibility and trouble of all these millions are thrust upon me. I don't know what to do with all this wealth!"

"Yes! My daughter, your mother and I lived and loved without the Vanness fortune and we were very happy even though I was only a poor lieutenant when we were married, and I do not think my wife ever regretted her acquiescence in the matter."

The General paused, and laughing at the look of perplexity and worry on the fair face before him, said:

"Helen, you are a strange young woman to feel worried by the possession of lots of money. Not many girls would find much to trouble them under like circumstances."

"I am my father's daughter, sir, I want you to remember," replied quickly the General's daughter.

"You can do much good, my dear, with your

money—be charitable, help the poor and needy, succor the suffering. Do as did your mother and another Helen that the records of our country tell us of,” said her father.

“But, father,” exclaimed the young woman, “the sum of money awaiting me in New York is enormous, it must be nearly twenty millions.”

“Yes! Surely that amount, and I imagine even more; I have never paid any attention to the matter.”

“Have you any wish or opinion concerning this money, father?”

“Only, my child, that it may not spoil my Helen, and that it may be invested so as to be of use to the people of our country.”

“Then I may do with it as may to me seem best, and no matter what disposition I may make of it, you are sure, my father, that it will have your approval,” said Helen anxiously scanning the General’s face to catch the slightest sign of hesitation in his answer.

“Child! I am as unconcerned now with regard to this money as I was when I married Helen Vanness, your mother! My only anxiety then, as now, is that my honor and self-respect shall not be wounded by it,” promptly replied her father. The answer came so frankly, and the manly face was so strong with the sincerity of the sentiment expressed that no

room was left to suspect any mental reservation in the matter.

The General added seriously:

“I should not like, however, to see so vast a sum as you inherit leave our country, no matter who was the owner, for it may do much good at home in the land where it was accumulated.

With a relieved expression coming into her beautiful eyes, Helen exclaimed:

“I am so glad, my dearest father, that you feel that way about my fortune. Now there is no obstacle remaining in the execution of the plan I have formulated. My mother and that other Helen of American history had both lost their fathers, and had time to devote to establishing all kinds of charitable institutions, but I have you, my dear, to look after, and we may be ordered to Africa or Alaska to-morrow.”

And the girl paused to kiss the strong hand that she held in hers.

“I have not the time to look after the wise and proper distribution of this money and surely should be misled and imposed upon. You and my mother lived in happiness on your pay as a lieutenant, and surely I am not as good as she was, and certainly we can supply all of our wants with our pay as major-general, and I have concluded to give my fortune away!”

“Well! But, child, that is a serious matter. You may do much harm by giving away twenty millions. How do you propose to do it?” asked the surprised but pleased father.

“I have thought of that and concluded, with your approval, to have a non-political, non-sectarian board of charitably disposed ladies and gentlemen appointed to receive and distribute this Vanness fortune of mine in works of charity, doing good with these millions to those of every race and creed in America who may be needy.”

The flushed face and brightened eyes of the sweet woman proved that this was the realization of a long considered project, and that the thought brought joy and satisfaction to her soul.

“God will surely bless you, darling,” cried her father, drawing her head down on his shoulder, and passing his hand caressingly over the soft hair falling over his epaulet, he added:

“My Helen up in heaven would have had it so. Ah! Child, you are indeed your mother’s daughter.”

“Yes, and my father’s,” said Helen smiling up at the kind face of her father, that was now covered by a shade of sadness.

His daughter’s naive reply dispelled the passing cloud of reminiscent sorrow from the General’s countenance, and he said:

“It is a pleasure and a happiness for me to have you so like my lost dear one, but I don’t want you to be in any hurry to do as she did, fall in love with and marry some young soldier as unworthy of possessing such a jewel as I was to possess the precious gem that became mine when we were married.”

“Did I find a soldier like my father I might be as ready to marry as my mother was, but I believe the making of such soldiers is over. So you need fear no repetition of my mother’s indiscretion,” said Helen, laughing at her father’s confusion as she cleverly paid the compliment.

But somehow recollection recalling a scene in a military hospital beneath the burning sun of South America, a great, fair-haired soldier lying fever-stricken, gashed and wounded wildly tossing, with pain distracted, almost dying and the nursing by a woman—and a blush mounted like the roseate hues of morning to Helen’s fair cheeks and forehead.

Fathers are surely blind, sometimes; the General saw nothing.

* * * *

George Howard was the strongest man at the Virginia Military Institute, only a fairly good scholar, but absolute head of all athletic and military. The beau ideal of the whole college, professors and students as a horseman and soldier, mounted on a great strong Kentucky stallion, the young fellow

was a perfect picture as with reckless disregard of streams and fences he rode "cross country."

The Howard family ran its genealogy far back through a line of honorable ancestors, and what is more important, gentlemen, until it reached the Norman nobles who fought at Hastings.

The branch of the family that came to America, had purchased large estates in the valley of Virginia, where as proprietors, they had lived as lords upon vast plantations, had served the king in the Colonial army during the war with France back in the eighteenth century.

The Howards became kinsmen, by intermarriage, to many of the men whose names are indelibly written on the pages of American history.

When the tocsin of war was sounded through the Colonies ere America earned its position as an independent nation, Howards of the valley sprang to arms and with their neighbors quickly responded.

Howards rode with Light Horse Harry Lee, and the sound of their horses' hoofs were heard in those dark days of peril from Saratoga to Savannah. Howards had the honor of being near that grand calm figure of the Age and America—Washington.

When all was over and the flag of freedom took its place among the standards of the nations, Howards help to guide the ship of state to safe anchorage in a solid and permanent constitution;

long had they sat in the councils of the nation when the dread storm of civil war between the sections of the Union, burst upon our loved country.

By tradition, affection and every long established feeling of the heart, the Howards were Virginians, and bound to their state first and most firmly, and in honor to themselves must follow Virginia's leading even to disaster and destruction.

Howards rode with "Stonewall" Jackson up the valley. Howards charged with Hampton at Gettysburg, and Howards surrendered with Robert E. Lee at Appomattox. Howards pledged their knightly word of honor that thereafter they would support the Union.

And they ever after kept the pledge so given!

Courage was in the blood of the Howards, and brave men ever may be trusted to keep faith when once it is given. Cowards are liars and traitors; fear is ever the mother of falsehood and treason.

George Howard of Virginia came of fighting blood and family, so that it only needed a call from the government for volunteer troops to protect the southwestern settlers against an Indian uprising, during a period when the nation required all of its "regulars" for foreign service, to set all his youthful blood dancing. He quickly organized a company among the older students of the Institute, for all the young men loved Howard and were ready to follow

his leading. The offer of the services of himself and troop was accepted, and a captain's commission given the young Virginian, who thus found himself following in the footsteps of a long line of ancestors.

The duty assigned to the cavalry company commanded by Howard, proved much more trying and dangerous than was expected, inasmuch as the threatened Indian uprising actually took place.

For nearly three years this volunteer company of Virginians chased Apaches across burning sand and over almost inaccessible mountains, with the vim and vigor of veteran "regulars."

When finally relieved by the returned "regular" cavalry, after having suppressed the "uprising" and capturing the malevolent spirits among the tribe of Indians, the Virginia cavalry was brought to Washington to receive the thanks of the President and be disbanded. Howard was tendered a commission in the United States Army by way of recognition of his courage and ability in the performance of the severe service to which he had been assigned.

The commission was eagerly accepted, and the volunteer captain became a lieutenant in the regular army.

In the next few years that followed the lieutenant saw plenty of service in the field. From the West, where his troop had been fighting Indians among the hills and spurs of the Rocky Mountains, to the

miasmatic swamps of Cuba, there to suppress an attempted revolt among the Spaniards who still lingered on that island.

Then hurried to the Phillipines to guard that American colony against the threatened invasion by a European nation; dispatched to China to protect American missionaries; in fact, it seemed wherever there was fighting or a chance for it, there surely was to be found the regiment of cavalry in which Howard led a troop.

From the position of lieutenant to that of captain the Virginian literally hacked and slashed his way, paying his passage with his blood at each step as he was promoted.

By natural inclination, as well as the study of the tactics adopted by Sheridan, Stuart, and Forrest in their cavalry campaigns, Howard pursued the plan of going at the enemy and "mixing it up" with them.

With the banging of carbines and a wild yell, at the head of his command, Howard would be among the foemen of the star-spangled banner, be they Indians, Spaniards or other European troops, or Chinese. It was Howard's method of fighting.

When remonstrated with for his recklessness, and his attention called to a similar style of fighting and its result, as illustrated in the annals of the American army in the fate of the brave Custer, Howard would reply:

“Well! If I get myself in such a scrape, I only hope to have the supreme courage of Custer and die with my men as he did, then the Old Dominion State will have nothing to be ashamed of.”

By riding five hundred miles with his company while in China, and bringing in safety to the seaboard a party of American missionaries, whose lives were in danger, cutting and slashing his passage through crowds of infuriated Chinese who beset his way, Howard won his major's commission.

Relieved and ordered home, the “Fighting Fourteenth” thought it had earned and well deserved a holiday, but hardly was it comfortably quartered at Camp Alger, before the South American embroglio occurred.

When General Morrison was ordered to South America to take command of the Army of the United States stationed in the Argentine, after carefully examining the reports of his predecessor, and the methods used by the enemy in harassing and annoying the American Army, cutting off supplies and communications, the General called upon the Secretary of War before leaving Washington, and said:

“Mr. Secretary, I want one or two regiments of veteran cavalry to clear the skirts of my army of these Guacho horsemen, and I want them led by an officer who believes in fighting every day in the

fearless, dashing manner of Sheridan and Forrest in the last century."

"I can give you the regiments, General," said the Secretary, "and I know a man of the kind you mention, but he is only a major."

"It is an easy matter for the President to make him a colonel," replied Morrison quickly.

"But he has been continuously in harness for several years and has earned a rest; he has just returned from the China station with the "Fighting Fourteenth" and it seems hardly fair to ship him off to South America for such hard service so soon."

"If that alone stands in the way, I'll have a talk with him and if he is the man that I want, he will request the assignment himself. Who is he?" inquired Morrison.

"Major George Howard of the Fourteenth," replied the head of the war department.

"Ah! I have heard of him from General Erwin who commanded in the Cuban campaign; Erwin says lots of good things of him as a leader of cavalry. I shall send for him and if I find him the man I want, may I rely on you, Mr. Secretary, to arrange his promotion with the President?" asked the General.

"Yes! It's irregular, but if Howard requests the assignment, he deserves the promotion. There is

bound to be plenty of bloody work before him," replied the cabinet officer.

The interview between General Morrison and Major Howard, that followed this conversation, was of the briefest nature. Morrison intuitively knew a soldier and a fighter when he saw one; hardly had he shaken hands with Major Howard before his opinion was formed concerning that officer. Quickly coming to the point, the General said:

"I want you to go with me to South America and command the cavalry doing scouting duty. The Secretary of War hesitates to so soon assign you to active duty after the continuous years of service that you have seen, unless you make a request for the assignment. Will you do it?"

Major Howard, after a few moments' thought, during which he steadily studied the face of the man who would be his chief if he accompanied him to South America, and of whom he had heard often though had never come in contact with before, seeming satisfied with the appearance of his superior officer, he answered:

"I see no reason, General, since you pay me the high compliment of inviting me to go with you, why I should not do so. Washington possesses no particular attraction for me. I am a soldier, not a society man, and care nothing for social functions.

"Yes, sir! I will go with pleasure."

“Write out your request for the assignment and I will see that it is placed in the Secretary’s hands at once, Colonel,” said General Morrison.

“Beg pardon, sir! Major is my rank,” said the cavalryman, by way of correction.

“I am only a little premature, that is all, Major! You will go out with me as Colonel,” replied Morrison.

“I did not expect a reward for my willingness to serve my country anywhere that my services were needed,” quickly responded Howard, his face flushing.

“I am sure of that, Major,” said the smiling General, shaking Howard warmly by the hand as he prepared to leave.

“Can I have part of my old regiment, General, the Fourteenth, to go along with me?” asked Howard.

“I am going to ask for the whole of it,” replied the commander. And he did; furthermore, his request was granted.

Once again, after only a few weeks of idleness, the Virginian found himself in the traces, on ship-board, bound for South America, in command as colonel, of the brave fellows who made up the “Fighting Fourteenth” and who greatly admired their former major, and would follow him “to the devil,” as they expressed it.

The Fourteenth U. S. Cavalry was decidedly not

a showy lot of soldiers. Gaunt, sinewy, sun-baked, fierce-faced fellows, muscles of steel and nerves of iron, rather slouchy, perhaps—not a bit pretty for parade purposes, but—how they could ride and fight!

They told a story of Howard, when a captain serving with the Fourteenth in China, being chaffed about the unsoldierly appearance of his troopers, as seen by the German officers who were criticising them, and that the American, at last, being prodded beyond endurance, had exclaimed:

“But they can use their sabers and so can their officers, and that without being wrapped up in bandages to protect all but their faces from injury,” and, leaving the party, had added:

“My name is Howard of the Fourteenth, and I can be found at any time.”

But no one seemed anxious to “find” the brawny American—he was not sought.

His brother officers, hearing of the incident, laughed and joked him about his “hot Southern temper,” but the troopers took a different view of the matter. They appreciated the way that one of their officers had defended the reputation of the privates of the regiment and became devoted to “Big George.”

General Morrison’s judgment had been correct when he selected his commander of cavalry, detailed for scouting service. Tireless, fearless, irresistible,

Howard's command gave the enemy no rest, no peace. Following the tactics that he had learned in Indian campaigns, the American officer never allowed the enemy an hour's rest if untiring vigilance could prevent it.

With little to eat, except the hurriedly cooked flesh of the half-wild cattle of the pampas, and less sleep, Howard and his sun-tanned troopers would sweep around the American Army, driving before them the weary and demoralized South American horsemen.

Never pausing to count his adversaries, Colonel Howard had many dangerous experiences when, but for the utter absence of fear in the man, and the supreme confidence that he felt in the ability of his men to whip any enemy, no matter how numerous, he and his command had certainly been destroyed.

General Morrison, who was never miserly in giving praise where it was due, was so exceedingly pronounced in his admiration for his "Iron Cavalry and its splendid Commander" that his daughter (and what daughter of Eve was ever different?) became curious to see this model specimen of American cavalrymen.

However, it so happened that when Helen was with her father, duty kept Howard in the saddle and away from headquarters.

In a wild raid that Howard had made far along

La Platte river for the purpose of dispersing a force of the enemy said to be gathering in that section, he, with one troop of his regiment, became separated from the main body of men under his command.

While endeavoring to rejoin the regiment, the Colonel and the one troop with him were entrapped and surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy. In the fierce fight that followed many a brave fellow of the 14th gave his life for his flag, ere the Americans could cut their way through the cordon of foes around them.

Supporting a wounded trooper on his horse with one hand, Howard, at the head of his few followers, fell upon one spot in the hedge of flame and steel about him and fairly chopped his way out with his sword—but not until a saber stroke had laid open his cheek from eye to chin.

The firing had attracted the attention of the other and larger part of the American force who, as the troop with Howard dashed through the enemy, came galloping over the rolling pampas. Howard only paused long enough to tear off his sash and bind up the gash in his face, then whirling around the troop with him, leaving his wounded in care of a guard, at the head of his now united command, he rushed back upon the enemy for revenge.

Quick and terrible was the penalty paid by the foemen for their temerity in attacking the “Blonde

Devil," but when they broke in wild disorder, they had the joy of seeing the American commander reel from his saddle and fall, shot in the body.

After the terrible experience at Montevideo, Helen Morrison had joined her father at Buenos Ayres, the General finding, as he had, that no place in South America was as safe a haven for his daughter as the spot surrounded by American bayonets.

At Buenos Ayres was established the general hospital of the United States army under Morrison's command. Helen, with the assistance of the few American women in the city, organized a corps of nurses to attend upon the sick and wounded soldiers as they were brought from the different scenes of conflict to the hospital at headquarters.

One day as she passed from cot to cot in the ward assigned to the use of the private soldiers, when she neared that end of the room that had been partly partitioned off for the accommodation of sick and wounded officers, she heard a loud, commanding voice, roaring forth orders as if addressing troops in battle.

"Steady on the right! By platoon! Steady, men! Steady! Trot! Gallop! Charge! Come, follow me!

The walls of the old building fairly trembled as the thunderous tones rolled along its rafters. Helen stood still in amazement at such an unusual outburst

in a place generally so quiet, whose stillness was seldom broken except by the groan of some sufferer.

"It's our Colonel, marm!" said the stricken soldier by whose cot she was standing, and struggling up he raised himself on one elbow, a flash of fire coming in his fevered eyes, he added in a voice husky from weakness, as he listened to the orders:

"Big George is off his head; he thinks he's leading us."

Men all around began moving, some striving to get on their feet, all excited and nervous as the commands came sweeping like the blast of a great war trumpet through the wards of the hospital.

"Quiet him, marm, for God sake! Quiet him. All the Fourteenth men here'll go wild, sure, if he keeps that up," said the soldier who had first spoken.

"Who is your Colonel, my good fellow," exclaimed Helen in astonishment at the effect of the voice on the wounded men about her.

"Ain't you the General's daughter?" asked the man.

"Yes, General Morrison is my father," replied Helen.

"And you don't know that the Colonel of the Fourteenth is 'Big George,' Colonel Howard," and, as a twinge of pain shot through his body, the trooper nearly yelled as he fell back on his pillow.

"By God! We know and will follow him to hell!"

This young woman had been much in camps and among the rough, great-hearted braves of the United States army and was not nearly so much shocked by the soldier's profanity, as some of the perfumed dames of society would have deemed proper. She adjusted the pillow under the head of the poor fellow who lay panting from the exhaustion occasioned by his late effort, and hurried around the end of the partition whence issued the, to the 14th men, exciting words of command.

In the delirium of fever "Big George," as the men lovingly called him, had torn the bandage from his face, and as Helen entered the partitioned off part of the ward which was reserved for the use of the wounded commissioned officers, a fearful and grand spectacle was before her.

Blood was flowing down the great fair beard of the giant officer, coming from the cut on his cheek, and dying with its ruddy hue, the snowy whiteness of the skin below the collar where the sun's rays had not penetrated, and streaking with scarlet the mass of golden hair that covered the grand chest exposed by the unfastened garment around his body.

One bare arm was extended, the clinching hand making all the massive muscles of the magnificent limb hard and clearly traced as if cut in whitest marble. Fever had bereft the man of his senses. With widely opened blue eyes fairly aflame, wildly

waving his clinched hand in the air, he shouted forth the orders that had aroused the men of the 14th lying near him.

Masculine muscularity carried to that degree of perfection, as seen in Howard's splendid structure, becomes sublime! Helen paused and gazed in wonder on the grandeur of the noble physique before her. Like some grand specimen of the kings of the desert, some great tawny lion lying wounded, dying, roaring in his death agony defiance, lay this glorious type of American manhood.

When women, the purest, the most modest, best, most delicate, and truest cease to be attracted, thrilled, imperceptibly and innocently influenced when manhood in grand perfection is presented, then shall mankind disappear from this God created earth.

Helen Morrison was a woman—a woman of flesh and blood, not an abnormal product of æsthetic culture, deprived, dwarfed and deformed in every natural inclination and feeling that since Eve has been general in the mothers of mankind. Were good, the best, women otherwise, you, kind reader, had not been here to read nor I to write this story.

Helen, with soothing sentences, approached the couch of the sufferer, with fingers somewhat trembling, as the fiery eyes of the fevered patient glared at her, replaced the bandages that he had torn from his head, and with cool water washed away the gory

stains from the fair beard, neck and breast of the now silenced soldier, but not without modesty's flag of flame flying on the sweet face that bent over the soft, gentle hands deft and busy.

The sight of Helen seemed to cause reason to struggle to reassert its sway in the mind of the sufferer; gradually there came a look of wonder in the eyes of the now submissive patient as he watched the gentle ministrations of the kind hands that so carefully tended him. Soothed, quieted, he finally fell asleep with Helen's cool hands bathing his hot forehead.

When the deep breathing of the sleeper told her that he would remain quiet, Helen had not been Eve's daughter, had she failed in taking away from his forehead the hand that had tranquilized the fever-stricken soldier, to feel the silky texture of the flossy golden-hued curls that covered the hot head of the sleeper giant, and to wonder at its softness and beauty.

As the General's daughter passed, on her way out of the ward, the cot of the soldier with whom she had spoken before visiting her last patient, she saw that he was sitting up apparently waiting for her coming. As she went by him, he said:

"Beg pardon, Miss, but the boys say I swore just now, when you were here; I didn't mean to, Miss, wouldn't say anything wrong for anything before you,

Miss, truly"—and the man seemed so concerned and anxious that she should believe him that she smiled as he added:

"We are a little rough, Miss, but your father, the General, will say we are ready always for duty."

Helen amused at the poor fellow's evident seriousness, and sincere regret, said to him:

"Never mind, my good fellow, I know soldiers. I have been among them all my life. It is no surprise if the Fourteenth be rough, their Colonel seems a rough enough example."

"We don't learn it from the Colonel, Miss, sure!" said the soldier, quick in defense of his leader.

"He's pretty bad in a fight, Miss, that's natural enough, but Big George can be mighty gentle, too. Why! Miss, when the Dagoes thought they had us, and it looked like they did, he yells at me as I was falling off my horse, "Grip with your knees, Hollins, I'll hold you," and he holds on to me with one hand and cuts—! Well the life out the Dagoes as we rush over them."

"No wonder you praise your Colonel. You ought to feel grateful as he saved your life, you say," replied Helen, becoming more and more interested as the soldier proceeded.

"Yes, marm, he did save me, and I am a bad lot; he's had no end of trouble with me, but he stands by his men in danger, no matter how bad they are.

I seen him tend to the worst devil in our troop when he was sick, and just as nice as you would, Miss."

"It is a good thing," said Helen, as she started to move on, "for an officer to care for his own men."

"'Taint only his own men, Miss, that our Colonel is kind to," exclaimed the trooper, determined that Helen should duly appreciate his commander, and as she paused, he continued:

"I seen him the time the Dago shot at him after the yellow snake had surrendered, and we caught the dog as he was making for the bushes and was goin' to hang him, give the varment his life just because a little chap of a Dago boy, dirty and howlin', comes up and begs Big George not to let us hang his daddy. The Colonel turns to us and says 'Turn him loose, boys,' and tells the little brown chap to take his daddy. No, Miss! Don't think the Colonel is like us, Miss! He's all right, sure, but he's off his head to-day, that makes him rough."

When Helen at dinner told her father of her experience that morning, he exclaimed:

"I didn't know Howard was here, he must have arrived last night with the wounded from the interior. I will see him at once. He shall have every attention. He is the best and bravest cavalry officer in the American Army."

Howard's raid and the battle that followed, in which Howard was wounded, was the last clash of

arms before tranquility was restored in South America. The wounds received by the colonel of the 14th did not prove as dangerous as at first was supposed.

The simple fare of the hardy soldier, constant exercise and freedom from vicious indulgence, caused his condition to be such that the wounds healed quickly, the cut across the cheek first, and the gunshot wound soon after, inasmuch as no vital spot had been touched by the bullet in its passage.

General Morrison was unremitting in his care of, and attention to the wounded cavalryman to whose unceasing and arduous services the General was indebted largely for the successful termination of hostilities. The American commander-in-chief called often at the hospital where Howard insisted upon remaining, "to be with my boys," he said. Helen, at the head of the American volunteer nurses, of course, saw him daily.

Colonel Howard's association with women had been exceedingly limited. While at the Virginia Institute, he was much more interested in sport than society, and since entering the army his duty had so placed him as to make society of women unattainable. Unwashed squaws and incomprehensible Chinese women possessed no attraction for the Virginian.

Some men are "ladies' men" and some are men's men; Howard was one of the latter. When a man's

man admires a woman for the first time in his life, he does not measure nor qualify his admiration, it is unbounded.

In the thirty-two years of Howard's life he had never seen a woman save his mother that excited his admiration until he met Helen Morrison.

Had he been a "ladies' man," he had certainly made love to her, but being a man's man he deemed her so far above and beyond him, so much better than a "rough bear of a soldier," deemed himself so unworthy by comparison that he did not presume to make love to Helen.

In that chivalric, knightly, old Virginia fashion, as Howard thought of the woman he admired, in his mind he placed her on a pedestal and worshiped her.

The adjustment of the differences between the republics, and the permanent pacification of the continent, kept General Morrison at his post several months after actual fighting had ceased, during which time Howard entirely recovered from the effect of the wounds that he had received in the last fight of the war.

Helen was a superb horsewoman. Her beautiful, round figure displayed by the close fitting habit, sitting straight as an arrow in the saddle, was a sight for gods and men, but when accompanied by the great blonde cavalryman, who rode like a centaur, the picture that the magnificent couple presented as,

at a sweeping gallop, they crossed the rolling plains around the Argentine capital, was grand, glorious.

Often during the last few weeks of the General's stay in South America did Helen and Howard ride together. Much of the timidity of manner with which Howard treated Helen at first, disappeared as their acquaintance ripened into a genuine friendship—possibly sometimes the tones of his voice grew tender as he spoke to her—maybe he held her a brief second longer and closer than was absolutely necessary when he lifted her from the saddle. But he never named love to the woman that he adored. He did not dare do so—for the first time in the brave man's life he felt fear.

When General Morrison with his daughter sailed for America, he left his trusty chief of cavalry behind him, to superintend the departure of the American soldiers then ready to leave the continent as soon as transport ships arrived.

As Howard held Helen's hand at parting, he asked with ill-concealed anxiety:

"May I call on you when I return to the United States?"

"How can you ask that question? If you do not come to see me within a week after landing in the Great Republic, I shall be awfully angry," said Helen looking up at the blue eyes that regarded her so tenderly.

“All ashore! All ashore!” sounded along the vessel and the horrible screaming of the steamship’s whistle drowned every word spoken. Had there only been five minutes’ time for quiet conversation, Howard might have——well, no matter, we will know later.

CHAPTER VI.

AMERICA IN A. D. 19—

WHILE General Morrison was aware that his conduct of the war in South America and subsequent negotiations between the republics of that continent and the Great Republic of the North, had been satisfactory to his government, he was unprepared for the overwhelming popularity that greeted him upon his arrival in the United States.

Scarcely less popular than her father, Helen was met wherever she went with outbursts of demonstrative affection on the part of her approving and admiring fellow-citizens.

Among Helen's earliest callers, after her arrival in New York, were the representatives of the great Trust Company, which had for so many years controlled her fortune. When she informed them of her decision regarding the disposition of the many millions that they held subject to her order, the old financiers astonished, and confused by such magnificent generosity, exclaimed:

"It is a noble, a superb sentiment and intention, Miss Morrison, but—" the old gentlemen got no

further in their remonstrance, for Helen quickly finished the sentence by saying:

“But, my father entirely approves of my decision in this matter, and of course that ends any further discussion of the question.”

Thus silenced and convinced of the young woman's sincerity and unalterable determination to donate the vast Vanness fortune to a board of non-sectarian charities, to be utilized by it for the benefit of her needy fellow-citizens, the amazed and admiring financiers proceeded immediately to execute her wishes.

General Morrison, commenting to his daughter on the apparent surprise of the Trustees when she had informed them of her desire in the premises, said, greatly amused at her account of the interview:

“Helen, I suppose that they privately call you an insane young woman.”

“Well, sir,” rejoined Helen laughing, “I inherit that kind of insanity, it's in the Morrison blood, I suspect, judging from my father's conduct regarding this same fortune.”

“Then again,” said her father, “perhaps the public will say that we are bidding for popular favor; you know that my name is used in connection with the Presidency.”

“High and great as is the position of President of the United States, one is not apt to offer more than

twenty million for an opportunity to occupy it," replied Helen with some indignation at the mere suggestion of any ulterior object connected with her donation to charity, except the ultimate benefit to be conferred upon the unfortunate of her country.

Had anything been needed to exalt the "Heroine of Montevideo," as the newspapers of America called Helen Morrison, in the hearts of the citizens of the Union, the account, as published throughout the country, of her unparalleled generosity in giving the entire sum of the great wealth that she had inherited, to charity, would certainly have accomplished the object.

"Our Helen" was the term universally adopted by the press of America in publishing anything concerning Helen Morrison.

During the succeeding summer both conventions of the great political parties in the United States met and nominated General John Morrison for the Presidency by unanimous acclamation.

Such an event as the nomination by both political parties of the same man for the Presidential office, had never even been dreamed of as possible by the American citizens who fought political campaigns with so much frenzy in the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

A result so profoundly desirable as that of one man existing in the United States upon whom both politi-

cal parties could unite in naming a candidate for the chief executive office of the Union, had been produced by a perfectly natural concatenation of circumstances.

The potency of the battle-cry of Protection by one great political party was lost in the adoption by the Americans of a policy of enlarging their sphere of influence and trade relations.

The increased demand for the products of American labor springing up wherever the flag of the nation was planted, and the competition of our country for the possession of the trade of the world caused the cry of "home market" to be forgotten.

The views of American manufacturers and merchants becoming broader and larger, under the new impetus given to our trade by the policy made necessary as a result of the Spanish war of 1898, they and the labor element demanded the removal of those restrictions that militated against them in the field of universal competition now open to them.

Moved by the hope and ambition for domination in the world's markets, they ceased being retail shopkeepers and aspired to and finally acquired the position of merchants.

The imperative demand for a fixed, certain and universally recognized value in the money of America, as a result of our forsaking the policy of isolation and restriction and entrance upon the world's field of

trade, caused the cry of enthusiastic advocates of changes in the coinage of the United States to become silent.

Thus the two great political parties, emasculated of all potential qualifications, which formerly had aroused such intense interest among the citizens of the country, by the operation of that grander and nobler policy that had been thrust upon the nation during the Spanish war in an irresistible manner caused by events beyond the control of either party, ceased to divide the nation, except in relation to the foreign policy of the United States.

The eminent services rendered by General John Morrison to the nation, his unquestionable integrity, his unblemished moral character and undoubted patriotism, together with the fact that he was the very personification of the sentiment, Anglo-Saxons, Onward! a sentiment with which the entire nation was fairly saturated, made him the spontaneous selection of the whole people as the man for the position of President of the United States.

The fundamental element in creed of both of the great political parties in the Union, as in the principles of the individual American, was Extension, Advancement and Glory for the Great Republic.

Hence the only point, even in relation to the foreign policy of the nation, where differences of opinion existed was as to the means and methods to

be adopted in extending the field of usefulness, and influence of the nation.

Both of the venerable great political organizations were divided, split upon this question. That portion of both parties, whose ancestors had for generations back been citizens of the United States, advocated the unreserved, unlimited and unqualified alliance of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In other words, the plain and open declaration to the world that Great Britain and America continuously and permanently, by solemn and frankly avowed agreement, would act as one, standing shoulder to shoulder on all questions of interest to mankind in general throughout the universe.

Another portion of each political party, whose progenitors had more recently emigrated from Europe to the United States, maintained that while the co-operation of Great Britain was desirable and often necessary, such co-operation ought to be secured only when absolutely necessary, and then solely as a transitory semi-alliance of sentimental origin.

Thus the only question of importance before the nation when John Morrison was elected as President of the Republic, was how far and how permanent the Anglo-Saxon alliance should extend and be.)

The Senatorial chairs in the American Congress were filled with statesmen, not petty politicians who ever attempt to investigate subjects of universal im-

portance to Christendom with microscopic eyes; whose narrow field of vision ever fail to encompass that, that is grand, unselfish, sublime, noble in treaties between great nations.

The United States Senate, when Morrison became President, was so evenly divided regarding the single question of moment to the people of America, that the influence of the Chief Executive cast with either side would promptly turn the scale; this was markedly so in the case of President Morrison because of his overpowering popularity with the entire population of the country.

All the nations of earth clearly comprehended that a permanent and firmly held alliance between America and Great Britain was the creation of an overwhelming combination. That such an alliance gave to the Anglo-Saxons the domination of the whole of this terrestrial sphere and enabled them at will to change the map of the world.

Hence, President Morrison, as soon as he was placed at the head of the American government, became the object of intense interest among the statesmen of Europe, and the President's fair daughter, when she became mistress of the White House, shared with her father the eager attention of the diplomatists of all the nations of earth.

Morrison had not been a political soldier, therefore had expressed no opinion concerning the formation

of a permanent contract with Great Britain by the United States, prior to his election and inauguration as President, and even after those two events, he still failed to indicate his policy in that particular, therefore Washington City, during the months succeeding his induction into office, became the center of interest and intrigue in diplomatic circles.

To prevent the confirmation of a treaty between the two great English-speaking nations was the object of every European government other than Great Britain, and most especially the aim of Russia.

President Morrison's cold, formal and dignified manner kept the most daring diplomatist at a respectful distance. Helen, however, being more approachable became the recipient of profuse and constant attention from the representatives of all the foreign governments except Great Britain.

It was after some months of incessant attention to the subject that the Russian Ambassador at Washington, misunderstanding Helen's gift of her fortune to charity, finding her impervious to the commonplace compliments usually adopted to gain a woman's favor, decided that Helen Morrison possessed the ambition to become a titled lady, and had resorted to the costly expedient of giving away twenty millions that she might become the most influential female figure upon the stage of American political life, where

was enacting a drama of momentous concern to kings and princes.

He notified his chief at St. Petersburg, Prince Gourkoff, of the conclusion he had arrived at, adding that no bait would be tempting to the American woman, whose influence with her father was so powerful, that did not stand near a throne.

After much consideration and the passing of many lengthy communications between the Russian Ambassador at Washington and Prince Gourkoff in the Russian Capital, the Prince placed before his Sovereign, Czar Ivan III., the project of sending Vladimir to America to play upon the ambitious tendencies of the President's popular daughter until Russia's designs upon her eastern frontier were accomplished; the suggestion, however, was met when first presented to the Czar with a prompt refusal of endorsement, His Majesty saying to Gourkoff in the pride of his position:

"It is not to be thought of, Gourkoff! No representative of the house of Russia shall bow to the low place of lover to a woman of common birth, like this American; I mean, of course, save in a morganatic manner."

Gourkoff, in his many years of service, had often been forced to combat the views of the Autocrat of Russia, so had become accustomed to the contest, and prepared to enter upon the conflict by saying:

“Your Majesty, while I admit that the very proposition is humiliating, still, as a faithful servant of the crown, I am forced to call your attention to the necessity for enduring the temporary mortification that you naturally feel. An end so glorious as the acquisition of European Turkey, including Constantinople, by Russia, would justify the adoption of almost any means for its accomplishment.”

The Prince paused to allow his royal master's mind to dwell upon the enticing prospect, then continued:

“By keeping American aid away from Great Britain, we can realize now, in your reign, Your Majesty, the grand dream of Russia for centuries. Since the great Czar Peter we Russians have dreamed of, and planned for, the realization of the fond hope that the Russian standard should one day wave above the minarets of Constantinople. The day has come, Your Majesty! Shall the necessary suffering of Russian pride bar the way to the splendid accomplishment resulting from centuries of planning and hoping?

The diplomatist became silent as his master, with impatient steps walked to the window of the palace, and musingly looked forth, as if recalling the long line of Russian rulers, who had, in fancy, seen the capital of the old Roman Empire a Russian city.

At last the Czar exclaimed:

“Why not buy the woman's influence with her father, as you do the women in European courts, cash,

diamonds, and ermine robes will purchase any woman!

“But not this American woman, Your Majesty—she cares nothing for the things that win most women—she has just given away twenty millions of American dollars to be used for charitable purposes,” quickly rejoined the diplomatist.

“Then purchase the votes of a few Senators, as the Yankees call the members of the chamber where treaties are ratified,” suggested the Czar.

“Your Majesty has fallen into a very natural error arising from reading American journals. In that land of unbridled liberty to the press, most reckless statements are published concerning public men; statements that if published in Russia would send the publishers to Siberia. As a matter of fact it is a subject of wonder to Europeans that the party in power in the United States may change once every four years; still the incoming administration ever finds the accounts of that fortunate nation absolutely correct,” answered Gourkoff, more accurately informed concerning the idiosyncrasies of the American press than his autocratic master.

“Surely there are a few men in the Senate that money will influence,” impatiently exclaimed the Czar.

“That was an error, permit me, Your Majesty, to recall to your attention, that precipitated the ruin of

Spain in the war of 1898. America had been so long regarded as a nation of shop-keepers that the Spanish, presuming upon that idea, felt sure that no matter what the outrage offered to American honor might be, it would not be resented, as resenting a national insult means war, and war means loss of money, but Spain was mistaken."

The Prince paused and proceeding more deliberately, added:

"Strange as it then seemed, the Yankee Senators, many of them holding large interests in property that surely would depreciate in value in case of war, and in spite of published insinuations and open charges—with the patriotism of the old Roman Republic, throwing aside selfish considerations and political affiliations—voted to resent Spanish injury and outrage, and, all unprepared as the United States was, declared war against Spain."

"Why not tempt the American government by a favorable commercial treaty? America is a trading nation," inquired the baffled ruler of millions of human beings.

"Simply, sire, because we have nothing to offer of sufficient importance to tempt the Americans. Since the adoption of the new policy of extension—expansion by the American Republic, which followed the Spanish war of which I had the honor of speaking to Your Majesty just now, the United States has

become a perfect paradise of prosperity. The teeming soil gives forth high-priced products, making happy and prosperous the agriculturists, the whirling wheels of the factories produce goods for which there is an endless demand, causing contentment and joy to be the constant companions of the artisans of that blessed nation," complacently responded the cautious minister who had prepared himself for the defense of his project, of sending Vladimar to America, by informing himself fully concerning the domestic affairs of the United States.

"It seems to me, Prince Gourkoff," exclaimed Czar Ivan, impatiently, and annoyed at the rebuffs his alternative suggestions had received, "that you give an entirely too important position to America as a factor in your calculations. The Army of the United States is insignificant even should it be added to the British forces."

"Most humbly do I beg Your Majesty to permit me to suggest that you are misinformed. America has an army of at least five and possibly ten million men," said Prince Gourkoff, with apparently great humility.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed His Majesty in angry tones; "you are presuming upon my credulity, but I have the number accurate, our attaché at Washington furnished it. The army of the United States is two hundred and sixty-one thousand men."

"Your Majesty is correctly informed, that is the

number of the Regular or Standing Army of America, but I refer to the militia and volunteers who would promptly respond should a call be made by their government for their services," calmly replied the Prince.

"In your five or ten million figure you refer then to a lot of raw recruits taken from the fields and shops of America, who would run away at the very sight of Russia's regular soldiers. Fie! Prince, I thought you knew me better than to attempt to delude me with such poor material for a spectre," said the Czar with exultation at the idea of beating his minister.

"Your Majesty will permit me, I trust, to call to your memory the history of the United States; by so doing, sire, you will recall the fact that the militia and volunteers of America, of whom you were pleased just now to speak so contemptuously, have time and again met and vanquished the best trained soldiers of Europe."

"In face of the fact that history recorded the efficiency of the American volunteers, Spain required the severe castigation that she received at the end of the nineteenth century before she could realize the truthfulness of the record. The whole of Europe, except Great Britain, blind to historical certainties, refused to entertain the idea that volunteers could meet successfully trained soldiers, until in that Span-

ish war the Americans fairly jammed the fact down the throat of the world."

"I did not know that one of my ministers was such an admirer of Americans," replied with irritation His Majesty.

"Appreciate a danger, Your Majesty, and half the danger is removed. The truth is that the Americans possess many peculiar characteristics that render them quickly excellent soldiers. They have the proverbial courage of the Anglo-Saxon race. That quality of never knowing when they are defeated, like the English, from whom doubtless the Americans inherit it, and in addition, a certain individuality that enables them to grasp a situation in warfare, and utilize every advantage possible, as if by intuition, without waiting for the commands of an officer," answered the Prince, and knowing that his master had exhausted every argument that could be offered against his project, the skillful follower of Richelieu waited in silence, until the conflict between pride and craving for increased power that he knew was waging in Czar Ivan's bosom had ended.

"In the event that I accept this distasteful alternative, when do you wish Vladimar to sail for the land of the Yankees?" inquired the Czar finally in petulant tone.

"Not until autumn, Your Majesty, and for the following reasons: British ships hold the Dardanelles,

and under pretense of restoring order in the Turkish Empire, and ending the massacre of Armenian Christians, a British army occupies Constantinople; of course England claims to be acting as the friend of Turkey, declaring that had the British not championed the cause of the Christians in Turkey, that Russia as in a former war had been quick to do so for the purpose of absorbing the Empire of the Crescent."

Gourkoff was interrupted in the recital of his reasons for delay by the Czar, who exclaimed:

"Why not hurl an overwhelming Russian army on the comparatively small British force in Turkey, drive it from the country, and negotiate afterwards?"

"Simply, sire, because England as mistress of the sea could reinforce her army in Turkey with a vast number of soldiers drawn from every quarter of her great domain before we could mobilize a sufficient force to attack Constantinople. Turkey would assist Great Britain."

"Before the echo of the first gun fired by the Russian advance had been lost, we would find American ships in the Dardanelles loaded with the Yankee army now occupying Palestine, coming to the aid of their accursed 'kin across the sea,' " replied the Russian diplomatist.

"Well!" interrupted the discomfited autocrat,

“arrange the pawns on the chess board, and let me see the moves you intend making.”

Gourkoff knowing now that he had triumphed in the contest for the adoption of his plan of operation, with elation responded:

“We will create a feeling of irritation against the English in Turkey during this autumn and winter, by the use of emissaries and money among the Turks. When spring arrives I expect to find Turkey anxious to join Russia in expelling the British from Constantinople. I, myself, will accompany Vladimir to the United States, and hope to be able by holding out the prospect of a throne to this ambitious American woman, to so utilize her influence with her father, the President, that he will withhold any treaty with Great Britain from the Senate.”

And the Prince, whose very soul was devoted to Russia, exclaimed in exultation:

“Then! Your Majesty, when next spring comes, England shorn of every friend stands naked and alone before us. She is brave and will fight, but Russia will crush her. Driven from Turkey, the soldiers of the Great White Czar, my royal master, shall follow the retreating colors of England through Afghanistan on, on, on until the Russian flag is planted by the Ganges.”

The Czar, excited by the bright picture so deftly spread before him by his enthusiastic minister, ex-

claimed, rising from his chair flushed and delighted:

“Proceed with your plan, Prince Gourkoff, as you have arranged it; you have my authority. Send Vladimar to me, that I may in person give him my instructions.”

Unconscious that she had become an object of solicitude to the Autocrat of all the Russias and his astute adviser, Helen Morrison, with that ready adaptability that is ever a noticeable characteristic of the American woman, assumed the duties of “first lady in the land,” and presided with graceful dignity over the National Mansion of the President, the White House.

“Old stories were recalled of a former mistress of the White House, who came as the bride of the then President, Grover Cleveland, to preside over the mansion, and by the beauty of her character, the sweetness and frankness of her manner, together with the charm that a handsome young woman always possesses, gave unusual attractiveness to the home of the Nation’s Chief Executive.

Surrounded by intriguing diplomatists and surfeited with senseless flattery and undesired attentions, Helen sighed for disinterested companionship, and would often recall that great cavalier with whom she had so often galloped over the broad pampas of the Argentine.

Sweet Edith Mountford, the daughter of Sir Ralph

Mountford, who as Ambassador represented Great Britain at the American Capital, was Helen's most intimate associate. In character, the gentle, affectionate, artless English girl was so unlike the many who paid court to the young mistress of the White House that as Helen expressed it:

"It is a positive relief, Edith, to be with you. I become so weary of jabbering French and listening to foolish flattery, that I feel like taking wings and flying away."

And when the literal little English woman inquired artlessly:

"Why, where would you fly to?"

Helen answered as if giving expression to some thought that lay buried in the holy of the holiest of her heart:

"To South America," and blushed violently, as the idea occurred to her that in the suddenness of the question, her secret may have stolen from her heart to her lips.

Often the pony phaeton from the White House would dash along the delightful drives around Washington, the President's popular daughter, who was an expert driver, hold the reins over the horses and the fair English maiden seated beside her.

Sir Ralph Mountford, who had resided for many years in America, was fully cognizant of the existence of that essentially English idiosyncrasy of the

American character that resented the interference, or any attempted exercise of influence by foreigners, in the domestic affairs of the United States, and fully comprehended the sensitiveness of the Great Republic regarding this particular point.

While, therefore, the ambassadors and representatives of other nations at Washington were using every means, and exercising all their ingenuity in the endeavor to influence the course of America's action regarding a permanent Anglo-Saxon alliance, Sir Ralph, representing the government most interested, remained perfectly quiescent, reporting to the Premier in England:

"The ambassador of Great Britain, accredited to the American government, best represents British interest who interferes least with the natural impulses of the Americans' Anglo-Saxon hearts and heads."

When General Morrison left South America for the United States, he expected to be followed within certainly a few weeks, by his chief of cavalry, to whom he left the duty of seeing to the embarkation of the American troops stationed in the Southern Continent, but that expectation was not realized.

For more than a year Colonel Howard was detained in South America by numerous petty uprisings, and the trifling and wrangling of the mercurial Southerners, whose motto ever seems to be, "To-morrow."

Howard heard in far-off South America of the

reception accorded his chief upon his arrival in the United States. He heard also of how Helen had given away her fortune, and finally of General Morrison's nomination and election to the Presidency of the Republic.

The great, loyal, loving heart of the brave man who read the account of the elevation of his idol to the utmost height possible in America had no feeling of regret in it. The man grew more quiet and thoughtful, more given to solitary rides in the darkness, riding in the stillness and starlight over roads hallowed by the recollection of never-to-be-repeated gallops over the wide pampas with his heart's queen, the adored Helen.

"Further away than ever, too far, too late," would the soldier say softly as if addressing the silent star shining so far above him.

His troopers, noticing his changed demeanor and distraut manner, muttered among themselves, and canvassing the matter in camp fashion, concluded:

"Big George is weary and sick for the sound of battle. He is only happy when cutting and slashing."

The world is very like those troopers, it seldom sees beneath the surface, has no time for aught but superficial investigation, and the forming of its judgment from the most easily comprehended symptoms.

When at last Howard felt justified in reporting

that all trouble was ended, and that the necessity of remaining in South America no longer existed, promptly came the reply from the War Department:

“President Morrison sends his congratulations and orders your immediate embarkation with your command, and hopes for your safe and speedy arrival in the United States.”

CHAPTER VII.

"In the Beauty of the Lilies."

SLOWLY seemed to revolve the propellers of the steamships bearing the American cavalry from South America homeward to the impatient commander of the troops. The voyage appeared endless, as day after day Howard bore the tedium of seeing only the boundless water around him, and heard the monotonous throbbing of the ship's machinery.

When, exasperated almost beyond human endurance by the apparent snail-like pace of the transports, the restless Virginian expostulated with the commander of the fleet, the old naval officer exclaimed:

"Bless my soul! Colonel, one would think that you had a wife or sweetheart in the United States, you are in such a hurry to get home. Surely, that can't be so, for every officer in the army declares Colonel Howard is a woman hater."

"They certainly do me an injustice, Commodore, in calling me a woman hater, but it is true, I have neither wife nor sweetheart to cause my impatience to arrive quickly at home. I have been on foreign

service so much in the last few years that I really am anxious to see the old land again."

The Commodore aimed better than he knew, for when Howard left him and began walking the almost motionless deck of the ship, he continually repeated to himself what the old seaman's remarks had suggested.

"I have no wife, no sweetheart in America, nor ever shall have. Why am I in a hurry to seek pain and disappointment?" And then hurling imprecations at himself for his idiocy, determined to be more patient—but somehow failed most lamentably in the effort to become so.

All things except time and space must have an ending, even a long and tedious voyage, and finally the Statue of Liberty guarding New York's harbor was sighted; once again the "Fighting Fourteenth" marched on freedom's sacred soil.

Colonel Howard took passage on the first train leaving for Washington, "To report the arrival of the troops under my command to the War Department." That was what he said when leaving!

Well! Maybe duty alone hurried the Virginian to Washington?

Of course, after calling at the War Department, duty—only duty—took the recently returned soldier to the White House, to pay his respects to the President—only to see the President, you scarred hero?

“Howard, I am glad that you are here all safe and sound! Sit down, man! I want a long talk with you; the men of diplomacy and politics shall wait for the man of the sword to-day.” Such was the hearty greeting with which the President met his comrade of the South American campaign.

“Helen will be delighted. We were talking only yesterday of our Southern experiences, and my daughter inquired when I expected the arrival of our cavalry,” thus unconsciously the President gave more pleasure to his hearer, than when he added:

“You doubtless have heard that you are breveted Brigadier-General. I shall send to the Senate a recommendation that you receive a brigadier’s commission. No thanks necessary, Howard! God knows a soldier never more thoroughly won promotion than you have!”

Many impatient politicians waiting in the ante-room muttered curses deep upon the devoted head of the cavalry officers, who detained the President from the hearing of their many and urgent supplications.

Great as the honor was to have so long an interview with the President of the Great Republic, Howard was as anxious as the waiting politicians to have it ended, and welcomed with eagerness the opportunity of leaving, presented by the coming in of the President’s private secretary with the informa-

tion that a committee from the Senate had called to discuss the situation of affairs in Palestine.

When the President bade good-bye to Howard, the Chief Executive said:

“Come and see us often, Howard! You are always welcome. Go now and pay your respects to my daughter; it is her reception day.”

Above the throng that filled the reception-room of the White House, towered the form of the broad-shouldered colonel of cavalry, all aglitter with the gold lace of the full-dress uniform of his arm of the United States service.

Helen was only half listening to the vapid nonsense of a lisping embryonic sprig of diplomacy, who, with affected accent, was reiterating the sadly hackneyed compliments that she had grown used to, when, happening to glance at her approaching callers, she saw the bronzed face and splendid stature of her cavalier in those not forgotten gallops on the pampas of the Argentine.

Poor little lisping embryo, you are entirely obsolete, sunk into nothing! The peony flag flames on the fair face of the President's daughter, as with both shapely hands extended toward those great brown ones of the soldier that are so eager to grasp them, Helen welcomes the home-coming of her former patient, saying, and saying it so earnestly:

“I am so glad you have come home, I can feel

now that I have one sure and sincere friend near me," and almost as if speaking to herself she added:

"You are so brave and strong, one feels safer when near you."

And Howard didn't know the woman was in love with him! Nonsense!—No! You carping critic. Men who are brave, strong, and truly manly are not over-ready to rush to the conclusion that every woman who is pleased to hold them as friends must necessarily love them.

It calls for a great deal more conceit than finds room in a brave bosom to exaggerate the expression of friendship made by a woman into an avowal of love.

Howard may have been obtuse in the matter, but men of self-respect seldom care to place themselves in a position to receive a humiliating rebuff. Of course, to the professional woman-charmer self-respect is of small moment—he has none to speak of.

The timid, gentle, little English woman, Edith Mountford, who was assisting Helen in entertaining the callers at the Executive Mansion this reception day, looked timidly up at the tall cavalryman as he was introduced to her as "one of my very best friends" by the beaming Helen. As Howard bowed, Edith, with woman's quick perception, noting the radiant countenance of the hostess, made the silent comment:

"You are awfully big, but she likes you greatly."

When the Colonel had taken leave of them and there was a brief pause in the line of callers, Edith whispered to Helen:

“Your giant friend, Colonel Howard, is a regular modern Cœur de Lion. Is he as brave and strong as he looks to be?”

“Indeed, dear, he is so brave, so chivalric and so powerful, that you do the reputation of Richard I. of England no wrong by saying my friend is a modern duplication of Cœur de Lion.” Helen made answer, with more enthusiasm, thought Edith, than she had ever heard the President’s daughter speak of any man, except her father.

During the succeeding weeks Howard called often at the White House, where he always met the warmest welcome, but ever found the young mistress of the mansion surrounded by a number of people.

While not at all probable that the daring soldier could have gathered sufficient courage to declare his passion to its fair object, as a matter of fact no opportunity occurred even had he possessed the “presumption” (as Howard thought it).

On one occasion, when fate seemed propitious in permitting him to have a brief monopoly of Helen’s society, and he began to gather courage and confidence, surrounded by the intoxicating influence of love’s mystical power, in came the President, utterly unconscious that he was *de trop*, happy, as he said, at

being able to put aside subjects of "Policy," "Diplomacy" and talk "shop to one of my own trade, a soldier like you, Howard."

Afterwards it seemed, as Howard pondered over the proposition, such vast presumption for a rough soldier, who was more accustomed to the camp, and that, too, on the frontier or mid danger, than the parlor, to aspire to win the love of a woman like Helen Morrison, that after the one occasion, when carried away by the strength of his passion, he might have told his story had the interview not been interrupted, this soldier, who, when danger on the battlefield was greatest was most fearless, feared to risk his love's displeasure and abandoned the idea of letting her know his heart's secret.

There was so much happiness for the man in the frankly expressed friendship of Helen for him, and the kindly, almost confidential, tone of their association that he feared to risk losing that that he already had by attempting to gain more.

The very thought of the opinion that Helen would have of him, if mistaking her mere friendship for another sentiment, he should presume to speak words of love to her, as if encouraged to do so, was horrible to Howard.

"She would think me a conceited ass!" I should appear as taking advantage of the frankness of her sweet nature. I'll not risk losing her respect! It is

better, far better to hold fast to her precious friendship than incur the danger of having her regard me with contempt." Such were the thoughts that decided the most reckless man in the American army to remain silent upon the subject he held most sacred and important in his whole life.

Howard was among the constant callers at the British Ambassador's residence, and Edith Mountford's feeling of a certain kind of awe for the American officer, whom she had thought "awfully big" when she first saw him, by degrees passed away, and a most cordial friendship was established between the two such opposite examples of mankind.

As Edith expressed it to Helen, when telling her how much she liked the great simple-hearted soldier, who in the ways of social folly was almost as inexperienced as a boy.

"I feel that it is a case of the mouse and lion when I am near Colonel Howard."

Edith, like almost all women, delighted in anything like a romance, intuitively, realized the adoration that Howard felt for her friend, the President's daughter. In her innocent, artless manner the lovable little English maiden tried like the mouse to sever the cords of fear that entangled the courage of her lion-like friend, but apprehension had so strongly interwoven itself about its victim, that her efforts were futile.

When a man truly loves a woman, his love encompasses all those whom she appears to favor with her affection. Helen's preference for the companionship of Edith was so marked, that Howard was never so happy, when deprived of Helen's society, as when near the gentle creature who was blessed by his idol's affection.

At the numerous social functions that Howard attended, and where Helen was sure to be encircled by a score of gallants, old and young, all anxious for the favor of the most influential person near the President, the soldier felt himself at a great disadvantage; he could not vie with the carpet cavaliers in making flattering speeches, and to share his darling's smiles with a throng of simpering sycophants was beyond the limit of his patience; hence, in disgust, at what the blunt cavalryman thought:

“The infernal nonsense of a lot of silly manikins” he would leave the circle around the great attraction and seek the side of quiet Edith Mountford.

Those who noted the pronounced preference exhibited by the famous fighting cavalry officer for the company of the British Ambassador's somewhat shy daughter, not dreaming of the one topic of conversation when the strangely assorted couple were together, quickly concluded that there was sure to be another international marriage. Dame Rumor, ever

ready to circulate the most recent gossip, gave the story a wide scattering.

Of course, as is ever the case with all of Dame Rumor's stories, those most interested are last to hear them. All unwitting of what people were saying, Edith and her constant, stalwart escort continued, she in sympathy, he devotedly loving, to discuss the one subject, Helen Morrison and her many perfections.

Howard's crude and clumsy devices to conceal his adoration for the fair Helen were perfectly transparent, they were only worthy of the efforts of a great school-boy when first smitten by the charms of some laughing lassie, and even innocent Edith saw through the effort making as the Virginian followed with eager glances the figure of his heart's queen as she moved about any place of meeting.

In due time Dame Rumor carried the news of the American officer's admiration for Sir Ralph's daughter to the White House and finally impertinent Rumor whispered the story in the weary ears of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

"Helen, I have great news for you! My reckless giant of a cavalryman, that brave and noble fellow, Howard, is going to marry your friend, that quiet little English girl, Sir Ralph Mountford's daughter," exclaimed Helen's delighted father, carrying the news of what he imagined was his favorite officer's

happiness straightway to his daughter, whom he knew was a warm friend of Howard's.

Absolutely blind are fathers, stone-blind often, for the President never noticed that Helen's face almost lost all color as he proceeded with the "news" he was relating, and that her voice trembled just a little as she inquired:

"Did he tell you?"

"No; Oh! No. Howard, in a way, is a bashful fellow; he'd hardly talk to me about such matters, but it's quite true, they tell me; he is always at her side. It is a splendid match; Sir Ralph is sure to be a member of the next British Ministry, and occupies already a high position in the favor of his Imperial Ruler. Howard has a great future ahead of him as a soldier, and while I am President I shall surely see that his great merit receives recognition; besides, there can be no possible objection to Howard on account of lineage, for you know the Howards, like many of the proud old Virginian families, trace back their line of ancestors to Noah," replied the President, pursuing the subject with all the enthusiasm and interest that he felt in that that affected the welfare of the soldier he so much admired and thought so worthy.

Washington weather is proverbially oppressive in summer, and it was a day in August when General Morrison communicated his "great news" to his

daughter. It must therefore be charged to the account of the weather, indeed it must have been the heat that caused Helen to become suddenly so pale and appear prostrated.

At least she said so, and asked her father to get her a glass of water as she sank into a chair as if exhausted.

Quickly returning with the water, her now anxious father, greatly concerned for the health of his darling, forgetting all about the subject upon which he had been speaking when Helen was so suddenly seized by faintness, seeing no possible connection between what he had been saying and her indisposition, exclaimed with much anxiety:

“Really, my child, I am forgetting my duty as a father, so over-burdened as I am with the duties of my office. I should never have allowed you to stay in Washington during the hot season; and then, too, you have overtaxed your strength in the endeavor to entertain all these people who flock to the Executive Mansion. You must leave at once for Saratoga or Bar Harbor!”

Oh! What wonderful perspicacity has the President of the Nation! What a wonderfully shrewd person this clever military strategist! He was so absolutely accurate in the diagnosis of the illness that caused the faintness of his daughter!

When Helen and Howard next met, the soldier

was alarmed at the palid and worn appearance of the woman that he loved, and the presence of something akin to languor in her manner that was new to her. She seemed to have lost interest in what was doing about her, and was so pensive as to appear even melancholy.

In her demeanor to the Virginian, there had come a certain sadness, a sisterly interest and kindness that, while filled with sweetness, somehow struck the soldier as so sad as to be almost pitiable.

Like her father, the man who adored her, thought her ill, worn out by the social demands upon her strength and, like the President, urged her immediate departure from Washington, and so worried and anxious grew Howard concerning the sudden and alarming symptoms that he sought an interview with the President and expressed to him the fear that unless prompt measures were taken that a collapse in the splendid health of his daughter would occur.

Edith Mountford not only was astonished at the remarkable change in Helen's health, but regarded with perfect wonder the altered manner of her friend toward her. A touching tenderness had crept into all of Helen's conversation when with her, and what seemed most remarkable to the innocent English girl was that Helen made Colonel Howard a constant theme of conversation, while formerly it had required an effort to get her to speak of him.

Helen now referred constantly to the high regard her father, the President, entertained for Colonel Howard and the positive certainty of his advancement in his profession to an exalted position. Spoke frequently of his magnificent record as a brave and competent officer, and of his nobility of character, honesty, and of how trustworthy he was.

In speechless wonderment the Ambassador's daughter listened as Helen became eloquent on the subject of how proud and happy a woman ought to be to bear Howard's name, even though the proudest blood of Europe flowed in her veins, and then would expatiate upon the lineage of the old families of Virginia, how their ancestors were English cavaliers, often of the oldest nobility of England.

The only conclusion possible to Edith's inexperienced understanding was, that the handsome son of Mars had become the accepted suitor of the charming young mistress of the White House, and that Helen's encomiums upon the Virginian were but the prelude to the coming announcement of the engagement, consequently she innocently increased the false impression existing in Helen's mind by endeavoring to vie with her in expressions of admiration for the man Edith naturally supposed was soon to become the husband of her friend, the President's daughter.

Such were the complications that existed in the

affairs of the victims of Dame Rumor's careless prattling, when the need of rest and change for Helen became so apparent that General Morrison insisted imperatively upon his daughter accepting the invitation of the wife of the Secretary of War, General Cowan, an old friend of the President's, and accompanying the Secretary's family to Saratoga.

Helen reluctantly obeyed her father, and had been absent from the capital for two weeks, when one day, as Howard was sitting in Chamberlain's over a late breakfast, cogitating upon what excuse or reason to offer for his appearance at Saratoga, a messenger delivered to him a card from the President requesting him to call at once at the Executive Mansion.

There was so much friendly formality in the President's message (which he had written himself) that, hastening through his breakfast, Howard hurried to the presence of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of America.

The cavalry commander was instantly ushered into the presence of his chief, where awaited him a warm and anxious greeting from the First Citizen of the Union.

"Howard, sit down, here, near me," said the President, and still holding the hand of his subordinate, he said:

"I am in trouble and I want your assist-

ance," added the man at whose bidding ten million free men would spring to arms.

"I want you to do me, personally, a great favor, my friend, and I feel quite confident I can call upon your services in that manner effectively, but I know that when I add to that the fact that for the honor of the nation I need you, there will be no refusal."

Howard, utterly astonished at the tone of his old commander, and not aware of what it might lead to, replied almost formally:

"Mr. President, any order issued by you, sir, will be immediately obeyed by me."

"No! Howard, I don't want you to look at it that way—I don't want to issue an order! I know your situation; I know why just now foreign service would come at an inopportune time, but I know no one who can serve the Republic in its present need as you can," interrupted the Chief of the Union.

"The devil you do know my situation, and why I don't want foreign service," thought Howard, but said:

"Mr. President, I am a soldier and must obey orders; but if I can serve my country even without being ordered so to do, I shall ever be ready as a volunteer."

"This was what I expected, General," said the President, giving him the higher title in anticipation,

while pleasure and relief was apparent in his face, as he added gleefully:

“The lady will await the return of her crusader from the Holy Land, as fair ladies did of old, and receive him and his increased honors with laurel wreaths.”

Howard, amazed, could only formulate mentally the sentence.

“What in the name of all that is mysterious is he driving at!”

“Let me recapitulate, Howard, the concatenated events that have led to the unpleasant alternative of asking, requesting you to enter again so soon upon an active campaign,” continued the Chief Executive, not observing his hearer’s looks of amazement.

“To begin with, General,” commenced President Morrison, again repeating the evidence of Howard’s intended promotion, “while I have never attempted to make the army a Sunday school and have the supremest contempt for canting hypocrites, still beneath my soldier’s coat I have tried to carry the conscience of a Christian man. I sincerely believe that ‘In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,’ and that His coming was to make men free.”

The President paused, and then in an explanatory tone said:

“I tell you this, Howard, because all my life so much have I despised cant, that I have assiduously

striven to conceal from my men and brother officers my deep and strong convictions concerning the duty of an individual Christian and also the duty of a Christian nation like the United States. In speaking thus to you, I know that you will appreciate my meaning, for men of your kind do not carry their hearts upon their coat-sleeves, and there is often hidden from public inspection much that may count greatly to their credit hereafter."

Howard was completely surprised at the tone of the President, and at the presentation of this unexpected phase of his character, for Morrison had so well concealed this side of his nature that no one in the army ever suspected its existence. As a matter of fact, he was not even considered a semi-religious man by his comrades in the service. As this was the second occasion for wonder on the part of the President's visitor, he heard in silence what his chief said and merely commented mentally, "What next?"

“I feel sure that Christ never intended to enforce belief in Him and His teachings by force of arms and violence, and that every act of warfare and cruelty committed since the Savior was on earth has been done contrary to His example and doctrine, and has been more injurious to the cause of Christianity than all other opponents combined.

“I firmly believe that every human being is en-

titled to perfect religious liberty no matter whether Christ and His teachings be accepted or not.

“That it is the duty of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations professing Christianity as they do, to enforce this universal toleration which is the very essential of the Christian religion.”

“And,” continued the President, “as certain as I feel that the crusaders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries misunderstood the spirit of the New Testament when they carried the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, just so convinced am I that Christian nations to-day are obligated, by the faith they profess, to protect all mankind in its religious liberty, thus by their acts illustrating the greatest of virtues as taught by their God, ‘Charity for all.’”

The President paused as if desirous of obtaining an expression of opinion on the subject from his hearer, therefore Howard rejoined:

“Well, sir! While I never have given the matter much thought, you have expressed my views on the subject.”

“Then, Howard,” resumed the President, “you can appreciate how much satisfaction it afforded me, almost immediately after becoming executive officer of the nation, to receive instructions from Congress commanding me to utilize the forces of the Union to end the suffering and persecution of the Jews in Palestine. That remarkable people have been per-

secuted into disbelief; they have ever experienced cruelty and injustice from those who called themselves Christians. How is it possible to expect them to have faith in or feel affection for that religion in the name of which they have been forced to suffer for two thousand years?"

"But now! Thank the God that made us all," exclaimed the President in a triumphant tone, "a Christian nation, young as the lives of nations are counted, has demonstrated to the Jews of the whole world by an outward and visible sign that inward and spiritual grace of charity taught by our Savior.

"The United States has issued its mandate to the universe saying religious persecution must cease, and to prove the sincerity of the declaration, has sent its army to Palestine to protect even the Jew, despised and persecuted in the heroic ages of crusades and chivalry."

"The Great Republic of the new world, as the Champion of Freedom, has espoused the cause of those who for centuries have rejected the Messiah of the Anglo-Saxons, and this protection is extended in the name of the crucified Christ."

[The President, rising from his chair, straightened to its utmost height his tall, commanding figure, as he raised his hand toward heaven and exclaimed:

"I glory in my country's name! America's army has become the army of our Lord as it marches on

carrying out His orders of charity and mercy for all. We will stop the persecution of the Jews by Mohammedans because we are Christians, and for the dear Christ sake, and thus present a more effective argument to the unconverted Jews than twenty centuries of cruel oppression and hatred has produced. 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform,' and this nation may have been created by Him to carry the truth to His chosen people of Israel."

As the Head of the Republic proceeded as if inspired by the vision of a grander destiny for the nation than had ever occurred to the mind of the splendid specimen of the warriors of America who would form the new army of the Lord, Howard, affected by the fervor of the President's language, rose also from his chair, and with great earnestness said:

"My sword belongs to my country in any quarrel America engages in, but a double duty is due from me, where my country's battles are fought for a cause endeared to me by the memory of my mother's teaching, I volunteer for any duty, anywhere, Mr. President; command my sword without hesitation in such a cause."

Morrison again grasped the great strong hand that he knew so well could wield a sword most mightily in the cause of right, and said with much feeling:

"I again thank you, Howard! I will explain the

position of affairs in the East, Great Britain, God bless her! has stood nobly by the United States in our attempts to advance the cause of Christianity, with its proper meaning, and civilization. With open arms and loving heart England, like some elder brother, has received the coming of the United States to share the battle that the grand Anglo-Saxon Empire has been waging for many years single-handed and alone. England regards our nation with pride and affection, seeing in the Great Republic a kindred country sprung from that brave old Anglo-Saxon stock.

“The agonized cries of tortured Armenian Christians aroused Great Britain, and she has planted her flag at Constantinople in the names of ‘Christianity and Civilization,’ and in those names, I tell you, Howard, though it is something of a state secret, America will aid the English in Turkey.

“British interests are such in Egypt that when America’s occupancy of Palestine was contemplated, the United States government sought an expression of opinion from England on the subject, the proposed intervention of America for the protection of the Jews was met with a hearty endorsation; British ships were tendered us for the transportation of our troops, a military station was offered our government on the island of Cyprus. No suspicion was entertained by our brother Anglo-Saxons concerning

the motives of this nation. Englishmen feel the same sentiments that fill the hearts of Americans, and can appreciate the strength of such sentiments and their freedom from selfish motives."

The President, drawing nearer to Howard, and speaking more softly, said in a confidential tone:

"We have already in Palestine and the Mediterranean Sea an American army of thirty thousand men, principally artillery and infantry. I intend to increase the number quietly and slowly during the coming autumn and winter to one hundred thousand soldiers. General Gordon, who commands the Army of Palestine, insisted, when forming his corps for the expedition, that the day for using cavalry had passed and carried only a small force of that branch of the service with him; he now finds, however, that while his infantry and artillery can hold the cities and towns of Palestine that the country is open to the inroads of fanatical Bedouin horsemen and Arabs from the Syrian desert who sweep through the plains and valleys of Palestine carrying death and destruction with them, and make their escape again to their own arid region where infantry cannot follow them."

General Morrison paused as if to give added importance to the words and then exclaimed with great emphasis:

"Howard, you are the only man, yes! I mean absolutely the only man in the army upon whom I can

rely with confidence to stop this predatory warfare of the Arabs. I want you to go, taking with you your old bloodhounds of the Fourteenth, and such other force as you may think will be necessary to end quickly all fighting in the Holy Land. The pressing need of the government is dispatch; I know that I can trust you and shall speak plainly, General."

And the Chief Magistrate, bending over close to the Virginian's ear, almost whispered:

"I do not trust Russia. I expect her to strike at England and her Indian possessions in the East early next spring, first attacking the English army in Armenia and Constantinople. I therefore want the work of the American army in Palestine finished and it to be in a position to leave that country at a moment's notice, for, God helping me! I shall endeavor to secure authority from Congress to throw my army into Turkey, to unite with our brother Anglo-Saxons the British forces, and bar the onward march of the Russians. The Bear shall find itself confronted by the Lion and the Eagle, if it be in my power to bring it about. Beneath the folds of the two united kindred banners of England and the United States the men of one blood, one language—the Anglo-Saxons—can withstand the world in arms!")

"I appreciate the compliment you pay me, Mr. President," said Howard, "in revealing your inten-

tions with regard to the army that I shall join in the East. If aught can add to my zeal in the cause of my country and my mother's religion, it will be the fact that my sword may be used to aid England, the old home whence came the Howards of Virginia."

"General, I am glad you hold my opinion on this subject," replied the President.

"Now I wish you to be ready to leave with your command within two weeks; the transports will be ready in that time and as Commodore Adams is to sail soon for the Mediterranean station, his ships will act as convoy for the transports. Go to the Secretary of War and arrange concerning the troops you want; he has instructions to grant whatever you deem necessary."

"Thank you, sir!" said the cavalry officer. "I want the Fourteenth and Seventh. Both regiments have served with me in similar work to that for which we are going to Palestine, but I want to take only such of the men as will volunteer and transfer those desirous of taking a rest to other regiments."

"State what you want in that particular to Secretary Cowan and he will make the necessary order; and Howard, one other thing that you are to do for me. Knowing my intention regarding the Army of the East, I desire you, as soon as you consider your work done in Palestine, to leave your command and place yourself in direct communication with me per-

sonally, from some point that will be near enough to reach the Army in Palestine quickly. I expect Naples for many reasons is the point that you had best select," instructed the Chief Executive.

"Very good, sir," replied the officer. "May I ask what is to be my duty in Naples?"

"Certainly, General!" quickly answered the President.

"When the time arrives, I will cable you to get the American army as rapidly as possible into Turkey, and I know that my instructions will be carried out promptly without red tape and delays. General Gordon is a good officer, but he hesitates often when speed is necessary. Now, I know you of old. No eagle is swifter in going straight to the point than you are, and while Gordon will be your superior officer, still, if you transmit my personal orders to him, you will be in a position to urge speed."

"Rather a hard position, General," said Howard, dropping into his old title for the President, "but I shall do my best. I wish that I was to have you, sir, again for a chief, instead of a hesitating commander. I have heard that Gordon is brave and skillful, but awfully slow and technical concerning his orders from the government, and while that may do when near home, a commander on foreign duty

must use more discretion and chance the matter of the government's disapproval."

"I wish that I could personally command the Army of the East," said the President regretfully, as if the sword were more attractive to him than the pen that alone could be his weapon in his high office.

"That American Army of Holy Land will take part in the most fateful drama that the world has seen since the great tragedy ended by the falling curtain at Waterloo."

"If there be such prospects before the Army of the East, I should like, Mr. President, to remain with it until its whole work is finished," said Howard, aroused by the vision of participation in some glorious climax of warfare and fearing inopportune transfer.

"Howard, you shall lead the American cavalry until the end, I promise you, for no better sample can be found than you, my friend, of the American Anglo-Saxons."

The Chief of the Nation placed his hand in admiration and kindness on the stalwart shoulder of his subordinate as he made the statement.

With his heart and mind filled with conflicting emotions, Howard, almost dazed by the sudden and unexpected alteration in all of his plans and expectations, left the presence of the President and sought his own apartments to think over and arrange his programme of action.

What was the meaning of the President's reference to the "present situation" and that the "lady will await"?

The soldier could find no explanation to these remarks of the President and finally abandoned the attempt.

Should he see Helen before leaving and should he risk all on one cast of Fate's dice and tell her that he loved her?

Late into the night Howard pondered over this subject, and as he sat in the gloomy shadows thinking, he became melancholy and imaginative, his fancy creating all kinds of impossible and unlikely disasters for him in the future.

In this state of mind he at last concluded his ratiocinations, by saying to himself with a despondent sigh:

"Well! it may be the last time that we shall ever meet. I shall go to Saratoga to-morrow, and bid my love farewell, perhaps forever. What else I may do will depend upon circumstances. I feel that something is going to happen to me in this campaign of a serious nature. I can't shake off the feeling, so shall prepare for it," and then recollection came creeping over him of a home in old Virginia, a fair-haired lad all filled with wonder as a gentle sweet-faced mother told the story

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM OUT OF THE WEST CAME CRUSADERS.

THE sense of movement, action arising from the rapidly speeding train partially dispelled the gloomy feeling of foreboding that hovered over Howard's spirit, and by the time that he arrived at Saratoga he had almost resolved to speak the words to Helen that had so long dwelt in his heart.

But when he called at the residence of Secretary Cowan, and in response to his card, Mrs. Cowan appeared with anxiety plainly written upon her face, all the Virginian's hope and courage deserted him. Almost the first words spoken by the Secretary's wife seemed to confirm the sad fancies of his thoughts the previous night.

"Miss Morrison is suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration; the symptoms have become so alarming that the President has been telegraphed to this afternoon. The dear girl has overtaxed her strength and it will require absolute rest and most careful attention before we can hope to have her health restored."

In a perilous career Howard had passed many

anxious hours, but none more soul-harrowing than the hours succeeding his interview with Mrs. Cowan.

He could not remain in Saratoga to await Helen's recovery from the illness that made it impossible for him to see her, his duty called him to Camp Alger to prepare his command for its departure to Palestine.

His presence in Saratoga for more than a day or two just at this time would be difficult to explain to the President, whom he necessarily must meet, if he remained, and Howard hated lying and deception even in trifling affairs.

The worried lover knew that he could learn of the condition of Helen's health continually, as long as he remained in America, from the newspapers, and that should she recover sufficiently before he sailed for the East, he could return to Saratoga to take farewell of the lady of his heart. Therefore, while the pendulum of his inclinations still vibrated between his love and sense of duty as a soldier, he resolved to return to Washington and prepare for his eastern journey and to get his men in readiness.

With the feeling that inexorable fate was unpropitious toward his suit for the hand and heart of the adorable Helen, and gravely concerned upon the subject of his darling's illness, Howard, in moody silence, sat thinking sorrowfully of the destiny that was to carry him so soon across the ocean, through the long and tiresome journey back to the Capital.

The men of the Fourteenth U. S. Cavalry listened in silence to the reading of the order for their transfer and early departure to the Army of the East. When the adjutant had finished reading and had saluted, Colonel Howard, splendid in the regalia of the handsome uniform of the American cavalry officers, and looking every inch the dashing knight of the saber that he was, addressed the men sitting motionless at "Attention."

"The President, desiring the presence of the bravest and best force of cavalry of our army in Palestine, to repel and punish the predatory Arab tribes, who incessantly harass our infantry forces now stationed in that land, the commander-in-chief, the President, has paid the men of the Fourteenth and their officers the compliment of selecting them for the duty. As I want none but willing men with me on this service, I have arranged for the transfer to other regiments of all those men of the 'Fighting Fourteenth' who do not wish to follow their old commander; therefore, those who wish to remain at home will now move forward two paces that their names may be registered for transfer."

Howard was not alone a brilliant soldier, he also possessed that mysterious magnetic power that enables some men to control as if by magic the impulses of others with whom they come in contact.

Colonel Howard's address to the troopers of the

regiment that he had led in so many hard-fought fields, could not have been better expressed for the purpose intended, had it resulted from hours of cogitation and preparation.

When their commander ceased speaking, for several minutes he waited, but not a single horseman moved forward. Pleased and somewhat surprised at the unanimous willingness of his old comrades to so soon again share with him the perils and hardships of another campaign, the Colonel again spoke:

“I thank you, men of the Fourteenth, in the name of the nation and the President. I might have expected that none of my old soldiers would desert me.”

Then came from the lines of the horsemen which until then had stood as motionless and silent as mounted stone statues, that peculiar American cheer, that seems a combination of the loud Hurrah of Grant's Northern soldiers in the last century, and the famous “Rebel yell” that Lee's men were wont to utter as they charged.

Time had moulded together the cheers of the Blue and Gray soldiers of the 1860's until the cry used by the American army in A. D. 19— was created, a cheer unlike any other under heaven in its power to stimulate men to acts of courage and daring, for it seemed to recall as it was uttered, that mighty host of dead heroes who had caused a world to wonder at

their deeds of heroism, making for all time the name American, synonymous with patriotism and courage.

The anxious Virginian read the daily bulletins published concerning the health of the President's daughter, during the weeks that he was hurrying forward the preparations for the leaving of the troops under his command.

"Slightly better this morning, must have absolute rest and quiet," and paragraphs of like nature kept the troubled lover informed of his loved one's condition. The President, when at last he felt at liberty to do so, by the improvement in the health of his daughter, returned to his post of duty in Washington, and said to Howard, who immediately called to inquire concerning Helen.

"While Helen is much better, she must remain entirely free from any kind of excitement. She seems particularly anxious to have Miss Mountford with her; she told me that her society was so peaceful and restful to her that she thought she would be greatly benefited by a visit from the little English lady. Sir Ralph and his family are at Newport, as, of course, you know, but I have written to Sir Ralph begging him to allow Miss Edith to pay Helen a visit at Saratoga."

Then the President's mind, turning from that that was of a personal character to the grave responsi-

bility of his position as chief of a great nation, he said to his visitor:

“I suppose, Howard, that you have everything in readiness to embark next week; the transports are now assembled, I am informed, at Newport News, and Commodore Adams will be ready to start in a few days for the Mediterranean station.”

“Yes, sir! My command is ready,” replied the soldier with the promptness that results from long military discipline. After receiving the congratulations and thanks of the commander-in-chief, Howard hurried away to his apartments determined to don citizen’s attire and catch the first train for Newport, that he might leave with the sympathetic English maiden that adieu for his fair one, that he could not say to her in person.

When Colonel Howard arrived at Sir Ralph Mountford’s Newport residence, he found Edith busy with preparations for leaving for Saratoga, and highly delighted that her friend Helen should have requested her attendance above others who were anxious to be of service to the President’s daughter.

The cavalryman attempted manfully to control his emotions, and to leave a calm and dignified message of farewell for his heart’s idol, but yielding to that subtle influence that emanates ever from a sympathetic listener, also moved by the supreme desperation of the situation, finally the barrier broke down that

held back his supposed secret, and he poured forth to his gentle confidant all the story of his love for Helen.

"Why did you not tell all this long ago to Helen?" asked his hearer, as she heard the heart secret of the disconsolate hero.

"Because I feared to do so," replied the great soldier beside her, and added, "I am so unworthy of her!"

"That one of America's bravest soldiers should fear to tell the story of his love to the lady of his heart, is most surprising, and, my friend, I think a pity, because the lady in this instance might have listened," replied Sir Ralph's daughter.

"If I thought it, I would desert my colors and refuse to go to Palestine with my troops," said the now excited Virginian, his hopes suddenly submerging every other consideration.

"Then I am sure she would never listen. Remember, she is a soldier's daughter and an Anglo-Saxon," answered reprovngly the lady. "Go where your duty calls you and when you return tell your story to Helen in the way that you have told it to me. Take my word as a woman for it, she will be waiting, and will listen, but remember, I have no reason further than a woman's intuition for saying so; there is no breach of confidence in what I have told you."

Howard, to whom the words of hope and encour-

agement were as welcome as the heaven-sent manna to the perishing wanderers from Egypt, exclaimed in a transport of delight:

“My best of friends tell me just what to do, and I promise absolute obedience.”

“Then give me permission if I deem it wise and the occasion coming, to reveal what you have told me to Helen,” said the gentle guide of the giant warrior.

“Whatever you do will, I know, be best and wisest; use your own discretion, but don’t lose me my love’s respect and friendship,” replied the soldier, the hope of happiness filling his bosom with new-found gladness.

Surely the early autumn sunshine had grown brighter since he entered the residence of the British Ambassador, thought the Virginian as with springing step and spirit all elated he walked toward the train that would take him to Washington.

Dance on, ye glittering waves! Bear safely forth grand old Atlantic, the New Crusaders of the Western World! Wave farewell, ye frost-painted trees of America to the Knights of the Twentieth Century! Freedom’s soil bid Godspeed to thy sons who carry to suffering Israel thy doctrine of Liberty, in the name of Him who died to set men free!

As the hungry old war-dogs of the Fourteenth

gathered to eat and grumble (as veterans are wont to do from habit) over their rations and meanwhile to discuss every kind of military subject from the strategic moves of an army to a bridle buckle, and to wonder when this ——! (well, no matter, what kind) voyage would be ended, and what kind of a country Palestine was for “foraging” *en passant* they talked of their officers.

“Big George is plum crazy! The Colonel is as chipper as if going to a fandango! Smiling as a daisy! Clean wild because there’ll be a (blessed?) lot of cutting and slashing!”

Such remarks came wafted up the hatchway from where the men were crowding around the board for their meals, during the passage of the transports across the ocean.

But the gaunt, dry and sinewy warriors of the Fourteenth, wise as they were in warfare, were mistaken in the conclusion that their leader looked with joy upon the prospect of the coming slaughter. Another song, caroled by the bird of Hope, in his heart, was singing. Love, ever with the brave the tenderest feeling, was filling all the being of the Commander of the Western Crusaders.

At last in the East rises on the vision, grown weary of watery expanses, those twin time-famous pillars that like guardian sentinels bar the gateway to the

old home of the Greeks and Romans, the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar the U. S. fleet cast its anchors.

During the day following the dinner on the Russian flagship and the adventure of Colonel Howard and the Grand Duke Vladimar in Gibraltar, when the American soldier had prevented the execution of the Anarchists' plot against the life of Russia's royal son, the American fleet finished coaling and prepared to continue its eastward voyage.

Early in the morning, after the impotent attempt of the Anarchist to assassinate the Grand Duke Vladimar, His Highness, accompanied by Prince Gourkoff and the Russian Admiral, visited the U. S. flagship, The McKinley, to express to the American officer their gratitude for the services rendered to the Russian Crown by him in preserving the life of one of the royal family occupying a position so near the throne.

Howard, who was one of the most modest of men concerning his personal achievements, was considerably bored by the profuse demonstrations of thankfulness and the superlative flattery contained in all of the remarks of his visitors. He was far better pleased with the simple speech of the Grand Duke as he presented the American with a superbly jeweled saber, saying:

"Colonel Howard, I know that I could not place this weapon in any hand that could wield it better,

nor would use it with greater honor to its bearer and his country."

And then the royal visitor added, as he handed to the American officer a miniature of himself:

"My friend, keep this as a token of friendship between us two, no matter what may be the enmity that time may engender between our nations."

Amid lusty cheers from the British and Russian men-of-war and the playing of America's national airs, the United States squadron steamed out to sea and resumed its journey toward Palestine.

The ancient city of Tyre had been selected by the U. S. government as the place of disembarkation for the cavalry regiments sent to re-enforce General Gordon's army of the East.

This selection had been made for the double reason that the landing of the horses of the command was hardly practicable elsewhere near the scene of contemplated operations, and also to enable Howard's troops to sweep away the Mahdi's wild horsemen who hovered about the eastern slope of the Lebanon Mountains, and who when pursued took refuge in the Syrian desert beyond Mount Hermon and the Jordan river.

Many years prior to the expedition to Palestine, it had been ascertained that there was a larger number of Roman Catholics among the rank and file of the Fourteenth U. S. Cavalry, than members of any

other denomination of the Christian religion, hence a priest of the Catholic Church had been appointed chaplain of the regiment.

Father O'Neil had served with "my boys" (as he called the men of the "Fighting Fourteenth") in every clime and through every campaign for twenty years, and by his zeal and originality had endeared himself alike to the Protestants and the Catholics of the regiment.

The chaplain, though an American by birth, inherited with his Celtic blood a great many of the characteristics that have made the sons of Erin famous wherever chance has cast them.

Perfectly fearless, he insisted upon going into battle clothed in the canonicals of his holy profession, and when Colonel Howard remonstrated, saying: "Father O'Neil, it is not your duty to make of yourself a target by dressing in a manner bound to attract needless attention," the reverend soldier had said with the naive wit of the Hibernian that still clung to the Irish-American:

"Sure, Colonel, you wear your uniform because you are not ashamed nor afraid to do so, and I do the same thing for like reasons."

And he did.

The Fourteenth's chaplain was a fine type of the fighting Irish priest; he knew the nature of his flock, and had acquired a tremendous influence over the

rough old campaigners, by adopting a style and manner suitable to his surroundings. Full of natural mirth and humor, he was the merriest story-teller in the regiment. Father O'Neil would wind up an evening spent around the camp-fire, where smoking his short dudeen and making jokes with "the boys," he had been the center of attraction, by saying:

"Faith now, you bloodthirsty rascals! You've had your fun with me to-night, and I shall expect every mother son of you at mass in the morning, or I'll never tell you another story."

To be sure, mass was always well attended. Men of every denomination attended the service because "The father is such a good fellow and it pleases him."

On the battle-field, bullets might whistle all around him, but the priest's voice never for an instant quivered, nor would he hasten one moment in his holy office. In trouble, sickness, or death he stood by the men of the regiment with a devotion that could not fail to win the respect and affection of every member of the corps.

Father O'Neil's Irish wit had long rendered him famous. Whenever a banquet was tendered to the officers of the regiment or any party of pleasure arranged, the invitation was sure to wind up something in this fashion, "Don't forget to bring your jolly parson."

It was while the Fourteenth was in China that the

Father so effectually turned a quizzing Austrian officer into the butt of the jesting for the evening.

At an entertainment given by the officers of a British regiment, to which the officers of the Fourteenth U. S. Cavalry were invited, there were present several Austrians. One of the number began twitting the Americans, and especially the Irish-Americans, on account of their friendship for the English, and made frequent reference to the bitter quarrels of other centuries between Americans and Englishmen, and was especially sarcastic when referring to the amicable relations that now existed between Irishmen and Englishmen.

In the veins of many of America's bravest soldiers and most highly honored citizens flow Celtic blood, so that it was no surprise to Father O'Neil to see several faces among the assembled American officers flush, and an ugly, wrathful, dangerous light come into the eyes of men whom the good priest knew were not always amiable nor very gentle when aroused to anger.

With the quickness of wit and ready resourcefulness of the children of Erin, the chaplain, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, exclaimed:

"Sure, Captain Von Gerechten, you've never been in New York. There's a story the boys on the Bowery tell; it's as old as sorrow, but it fits your case, and here it is:

“A bad Bowery boy who had never been to church or heard much about the Bible, dropped into mass one morning, and seeing the cross with the Savior nailed on it, asked an old woman who it was, and who nailed him to the cross. The old woman, surprised at his ignorance, exclaimed: ‘Faith, an’ ye’s know little. It’s the Holy Jesus, man, and, bedad, the Jews did it!’

“The bad Bowery boy, filled with indignation, runs out of the church, and seeing a poor old Jewish pedlar, promptly knocks him into the gutter. Amazed the old Hebrew, sitting up in the mud, with rueful countenance and in amazement cries, ‘Vat for do you do that?’ ‘You killed Jesus, you Jew!’ yells the Bowery boy. ‘Dat vas more than nineteen hundred years ago,’ groaned the son of Abraham. ‘I don’t give a —— (well, no matter,) I didn’t know it until this morning,’ shouts the Bowery boy.”

Amid the laughter of the British and American officers and the confusion of the Austrian, the priest added, addressing Von Gerechten:

“You see, Captain, you may have only recently heard of our fights with our English cousins, but it’s ancient history with us, and we have long since made a mummy of the memory and buried it. By the way, Captain, dear, you Austrians are very loving now with the Prussians; have you forgotten Sadowa? And I see, my friend, the Russian major laughing a

good deal, Sure! and your memory is no better! for you cuddle up closely these days to the Tricolor, but it was not half so welcome once at Moscow.”

With Pat’s proverbial propensity for hitting every head he sees, the merry priest never let up until he had given a good-natured shot to every nation represented around the board; then when the mirth had subsided, he said deliberately and seriously:

“We Americans of Irish blood have long since ceased to be influenced by incendiary arguments of pettifogging demagogues, who always attempt to play upon our sentimental love for the ‘old sod.’ We are Americans first, last and all the time. What is best for the honor and glory of our native land we earnestly desire, and bring no bitter memories of ancient wrongs done centuries ago to bar the onward progress of the Great Republic that opened her generous arms to receive our ancestors.

“Irishmen have written with their blood on every page of America’s history their loyalty, patriotism, and devotion to the nation, and it is a “far cry” for those who hate England and the United States to endeavor to stir up differences by appealing to the impetuosity and vindictiveness of the Celtic temper. The Republic’s greater glory and noblest destiny is to be found in uniting with Great Britain, making a bulwark of the two strong Anglo-Saxon nations for Christianity, Civilization, and Peace on Earth.

“We Irish-Americans are grateful children of America, and we will not be led to stab *alma mater* in the back by the use of our rights as citizens of the United States, at the suggestion of those who would stop the growing grandeur of the American Republic.”

Father O’Neil was an especial favorite of the Colonel of the Fourteenth. The Chaplain could always manage somehow to obtain Howard’s assent to almost any project suggested by the good priest making for the moral and spiritual improvement of the corps, when, therefore, a day or so before the transports reached their destination, Father O’Neil made his salute to the commanding officer and begged permission:

“To lay before the Colonel a little scheme that I have concocted for ‘my boys.’ ”

Howard, with a laugh at the Chaplain’s assumed humility of tone, replied:

“Sit down, Father, and tell me what it is now that you have on hand? You are as good as a dozen sergeant-majors in keeping the men in order, so let me hear your latest.”

“Well, you see, Colonel, as this is a new kind of a campaign for the corps, in a land made sacred by the presence of the Master while on earth, I thought that ‘the boys’ might be more impressed by some badge or sign to remind them of the Holy One, and

to keep the poor thoughtless fellows from swearing and sinning, so I cut out of white cloth a lot of crosses and wanted permission for 'the boys' to sew them on the left breast (right over their hearts) of their uniform coats," answered the Chaplain, who was ever anxiously seeking means to impress the rough, brave-hearted fellows for whose spiritual welfare he felt responsible.

"I have no objection, Father, go ahead," said the Colonel without a moment's hesitation:

"Thank you, sir, for the permission; but there is a trifle of a matter that I want to get you to do for me, Colonel, dear," insinuatingly suggested the zealous priest.

"I thought there was something else, Chaplain; like a woman you always put your most important communications in the P.S.'s of your requests," answered Howard good-naturedly.

"Now, Colonel, you know that 'the boys' are nothing but a lot of overgrown children and they would think the officers might make game of their badges, unless the officers would first adopt the cross as a badge like the Old Crusaders and set the foolish fellows the example," explained the Chaplain naively.

"Well! My good man, that is a question to be settled by the officers themselves; I don't suppose you expect me to issue an order on such a subject.

See them yourself and I am sure they will give you a courteous hearing," rejoined the commander.

"You can do more for me than by making an order, my brave commander," said the Chaplain, and in his most persuasive voice added:

"Officers and men of the Fourteenth will quickly follow their leader's example, and the devil himself would not dare laugh at an act of Colonel George Howard."

"Well, by all that's impertinent! You want me to wear a brand and appear ridiculous, as if aping the Old Crusaders!" exclaimed the surprised Virginian.

"Sure, it's the brand the Savior carried to Calvary for us, Colonel, and you are not ashamed of Him, are you?" replied Father O'Neil solemnly.

It required much persistent argument on the part of the priest to induce Howard to assume an emblem that had a somewhat theatrical appearance under the circumstances, but deep down in the bold heart of the soldier there existed a strong religious fervor, and the conviction that it is the duty of every Christian to endeavor to influence his neighbor to do good, by example, even at the sacrifice of personal comfort to himself.

So finally the good Chaplain triumphed over the objections offered by his doughty commander.

When the officers and men of the Fourteenth and

Seventh regiments saw that their chief had adopted the priest's suggestion, every man was in a hurry to follow his example. Soon on every brave bosom gleamed the symbol of the Christian religion, and the white crosses were not small and insignificant, but as Father O'Neil expressed it:

“Let's have them fit the hearts that beat beneath them.”

When the two regiments of American cavalry were formed after their disembarkation at historic Tyre, and prepared for the march into Palestine, a sight was presented that seemed to borrow incongruous elements from the long past and the present.

On the sands of this shore touched the returning ships of the adventurous Phœnicians bearing the tin ore of the barbaric island of the Britains.

Here camped the mighty Assyrian army of Tiglath-Pileser, to demand submission and contribution of Tyre, the then greatest maritime city of the world. How the name Assyrian brings to memory the war chariot and the matted curling beard of its dark semitic occupant, armed with the javelin, the bow and arrow.

To this spot, where now is arrayed the soldiers of the then unknown world, came the Ambassadors of Cambyses, the ill-fated Persian monarch, son of the

great Cyrus, seeking the aid of the leading seaport city, Tyre, against the Egyptian Pharaoh.

The phantom Grecian phalanx of the Great Alexander rises before the eyes of the platoons of Yankee horsemen as they gaze upon the place where Greek persistency and valor conquered the obstacles placed by favoring nature around ancient Tyre.

Here, too, marshaled the mail-clad knights of Western Europe; waving pennons, glittering armor, bending spears and mighty war-maces, each proud form bearing on its shoulder the cross of the Crusader, the sign of Him who was all mercy and charity, the self-sacrificing Savior.

That giant commander, sitting on his mighty war charger like a centaur, is it the ghost of England's Richard Cœur de Lion, loved hero of romance, son of Norman king and Saxon princess carrying in his body the blood containing the germs of that amalgamation that completed created a race, the Anglo-Saxon, that has caused a world to tremble?

Gone! Vanished are all the day-dreams and visions of dim and misty past ages! Quickly is each Yankee soldier aroused from his dreaming for the stirring strains of music come bursting through the barrier holding back the present—in an instant the past is washed away, obliterated, fled from the mind of every American—the band is playing the “Star-Spangled Banner.”

“Forward!” blows the bugle, and the line of American troopers moves onward, along that coast where marched the all-conquering Roman legions.

At the head of the corps rides the leader.

Could the spirits of past commanders who led grand armies along these renowned shores speak, well they might utter words like:

“Welcome, thou mighty warrior! The West hath sent a fitting successor to us, who led men in long since past ages along this pathway to glory.”

As the long line is extended, the plainness, simplicity of the troopers' trappings becomes apparent.

Gone as companion of the past are all the paraphernalia that made the men of war gorgeous and spectacular in the panoply of the soldier.

Now ride the Western warriors, their brave breasts covered with no shining armor, only with the simple blue blouses of Uncle Sam's army. No glistening helmets with waving plumage, only old slouch hats of rusty felt. No dancing pennons held high by long lances do they carry, only the short, dull-hued, deadly carbine. No great battle axes are seen at their saddles, by their sides changle light sabers.

The modern knights have no shields gay with armorial bearings, courage and their own strong arms alone protect them.

The Modern Crusaders carry no hermit-blessed

bones, believing that the holy relics can by miracle overcome the Unbeliever.

No great scarlet crosses flaunt with bloody meaning from the shoulders of the Western soldiers, as once was seen when fur-trimmed mantles flutter in the desert breezes from Knights Templar's shoulders.

On each manly bosom of their faded blue jackets the only sign the New Crusaders carry is the home-made, unostentatious white cloth crosses, worn by many purely to please the good priest, their brave chaplain.

Does the world regret the time-wrought changes? Has not the coming of the New Crusaders a fuller, deeper meaning than the outpouring of chivalric knights of past centuries seeking adventures in Holy Land? Has not time given mankind a truer understanding of the spirit that pervades the teaching that the gentle, loving Master left us?

These rough riders, full of many human weaknesses, committing countless errors, may be fuller of the sense of the Holy Scriptures than the most learned of the early Christian sages, and in protecting those who "Rejected" even the Master, may be more truly doing His holy bidding and more surely winning reward eternal than the early martyrs who suffered in the name of the Man of Sorrows.

Howard's horsemen moved eastward across the mountains of Lebanon, sweeping the eastern slope of Mount Hermon clear of the wandering marauders

of the mad Mahdi's followers, driving far into the Syrian desert the fanatical tribes of Arabs; bringing into Asia the method of irregular warfare learned by the American cavalry on the plains and foothills of Arizona and the boundless pampas of South America.

General Gordon, with whom Howard had placed himself in communication upon his arrival in Asia, requested the commander of the cavalry to establish his base of operations somewhere south of the Sea of Galilee, that he might be in a position to cross the Jordan and move against the desert Bedouins or strike at hill tribes north and east of Jerusalem, the headquarters of the American Army of Palestine.

Howard, in compliance with General Gordon's order, marched slowly, passed along the eastern shores of the Sea of Galilee, crossed the Jordan, and entered the plain of Esdraelon, that great battle-field of Jewish history.

The sun, sinking in the western sky, sent its expiring beams of light along the dark scrub-covered sides of Mount Tabor, bringing into view the ruins of the Saracenic fortresses that crumble on the mountain's heights, as the Cavalry of the New World moved down into the historical valley.

Perhaps it was the last bright ray of light falling with greater radiance on Mount Tabor's crest, where tradition holds "The Man" was transfigured.

Perhaps it was the sinking of the sun in the far

West, where was home and country, or perhaps it was a combination of emotions that caused the line of moving horsemen to halt, for no command was given.

The leader of horsemen, impressed by the scene and moved by the recollection of what this mountain and this plain had witnessed, uncovered his head and stood still and silent.

One by one the troopers follow their tall chief's example, until bare-headed and motionless, stand the two thousand rough, reckless soldiers of the Republic as if made mute and still by some holy spirit that on this spot watches.

At last a voice breaks the silence and relieves the tension of the feelings.

A full strong voice of sweetest tenor bursts into song; it is sacred music, for it is of home and country. Nothing more holy dared be uttered, though every heart might be overflowing with far more religious feeling, these men are cant-hating Yankees.

As the Cavalry again move, without order given, onward, the whole line joins in the singing, even the deep voice of the commander is heard as the two thousand voices roll along dark Tabor's side and down the ancient Valley of Jezreel, arousing this hallowed region with the music of

"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

CHAPTER IX.

“I LOVE AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.”

INDIAN Summer, most beautiful of seasons in America, had announced its coming by dying forest leaves and foliage with many-hued colors, sprinkling the trees with its purple, red, and golden shower of frost kisses, bringing also with its coming the cool and invigorating breezes of autumn, and the mellow, health-restoring sunshine of that season.

The hills around Saratoga were resplendent in brilliant apparel one bright day early in October, when Helen Morrison, improved in health and stronger, reclining on a couch near the open window, inhaling the pure, health-giving air of that delightful region, asked her kind friend, her gentle companion, sweet little Edith Mountford, to assist her in assorting the many cards, notes and letters that had been left for Helen during her illness.

As the two young women sat reading and commenting on the various cards, callers and communications, suddenly Helen became silent, holding one card in her hand, and musingly gazing out of the window over the beautiful landscape picture before

her, then turning to her companion with a shade of sadness in the smile with which she said it, remarked:

“Edith, here is the card of a caller who came, I suspect, attracted more by the nurse than patient,” and as Edith glanced up inquiringly, Helen said:

“It is Colonel Howard’s card. When did you last see our friend, and how is he?”

Edith, not noticing the first remark made by Helen, deeming it only a jest, answered glad that an avenue was thus opened for conversation upon a subject so interesting.

“Oh! That must have been left by Colonel Howard prior to his sailing for Palestine in command of the American cavalry. He bade me present his adieu to you for him.”

“Has he left the country?” cried the astonished Helen. “Why, when are you to be married? On that subject, my dear girl, you are not a bit confiding,” and Helen’s hand trembling, dropped the card it was holding.

“Married!” exclaimed Edith in a tone louder than perhaps she had ever before uttered, with a look of almost horror coming into her startled eyes.

“Married to whom?” she said in excited accent.

“Why, to our gallant American soldier, Colonel Howard, of course,” replied Helen.

For a few moments Edith regarded her friend with alarm, suspecting that her late illness had pro-

duced some mental disorder, but seeing nothing in the bright clear eyes gazing at her, to confirm her suspicion, the truth dawned upon her mind, in great agitation, with tears welling up in her kind eyes she cried:

“Helen Morrison, my friend. How could you? How could you? Colonel Howard adores you! He worships you as a saint, Helen! Oh! My friend, how blind, and how you have been mistaken!”

Like the ruby beams of morning sun chasing each other across a field of purest snow when first the day gilds the mountain-tops, did waves of color play over the pale face of the President's daughter, while she listened all enraptured to the story of the love of her hero for her; in each tender word of manly adoration repeated in the sweet voice of the English maiden, Helen drank in great draughts of health restorative.

The tone of voice of a well-bred English woman is one of the sweetest sounds on earth at any time, but as Edith poured forth the story of the silent worship of the Virginian, Helen thought it heavenly music, as she sat speechless, happy, all anxiously attentive, and listened.

Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Blaine, Conkling, all were great advocates, but never before was heard in America eloquence so sweetly tender as when the melodious voice of Edith Mountford pleaded the

causes of the absent lover, and repeated the "Old, Old Story," ever new and ever welcome, of a man's love for the woman of his heart.

"The bracing autumn weather has caused a vast improvement in the health of the President's daughter, our Helen," and like paragraphs in the daily newspapers gave the welcome news to the solicitous public that Helen Morrison was better, in fact, her recovery was so rapid as to be phenomenal, all, no doubt, occasioned by "the bracing autumn weather," for the papers said so, and they are never mistaken.

Perhaps a quiet English girl thought somewhat differently, but, no matter, since, in fact, the young mistress of the White House was indeed better, almost well again, and soon would resume her duties as hostess at the Executive Mansion.

How fortunate and timely is the restoration to health of the First Lady of the Land, for the Russians are coming, His Highness the Grand Duke Vladimar, representative of Russian royalty.

The "swell set" is greatly excited; preparations are making in every social center to give the illustrious visitor a fitting reception; what a God-send is the expected visit to all dealers in feminine apparel.

The expenditure of cash and energy by the metropolitan journals is really alarming. Fast yachts are dispatched more than a thousand miles out to sea to

meet the Russian fleet, (and possibly to interview the Grand Duke's barber).

Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago all vie with each other in presenting their respective claims for the honor of entertaining the royal visitor; the "Daughters of Kings" and the "Descendants of Methuselah," the "Knights of Man Embryonic," and the "Children of Protoplasm" all set up a fearful howling for precedence.

It is not safe to judge of number in America by the noise-making, a few frogs croak with startling vigor.

"How well you look, my child," cried the delighted Chief of the Nation as he lifted Helen out of the carriage at the door of the White House.

"It is a perfect miracle, the effect that cool weather has produced," said the happy father.

"I am so delighted, for now you can relieve me of all the bother of a lot of social functions for the entertainment of these Russian visitors to our country."

Helen, whose step had regained its old elasticity, fairly danced through the long halls of the Executive Mansion, her face aglow with the roses of restored health, eyes as bright and sparkling as liquid metal, answered, gaily with beaming glances:

"All right, General, I report once more for duty! I am all ready for the Russians! But upon my word, father, I don't believe that I can receive the

Grand Duke with the gravity due to his exalted station, after reading the account of how Colonel Howard tossed him up like an infant and jumped with him into the sea at Gibraltar, to save the royal life of His Highness. It is so awfully ridiculous, you know, to think of him dangling in the air like some rag-doll baby. I can imagine the picture, and I can almost see our sturdy soldier grasp this sprig of the house of Russia. It's supremely funny to me."

"Well, Helen, don't laugh at America's guest anyhow. It seems to me your illness has done you good in one way. You absolutely are all smiles and laughter. Remember, Howard is a perfect Hercules, and could pick me up, as heavy as I am, and make me appear small and insignificant. By the way, Helen, that was all nonsense about Howard and Miss Mountford. Sir Ralph told me himself the other day that Miss Edith would marry young Lord Taunton, the British Attaché, this winter, so Dame Rumor, as usual, was in error," said the President.

"Edith told me all about it at Saratoga. There will be one less international marriage. Colonel Howard may have to find a wife among the American women," replied Helen.

"Howard deserves a good wife and I hope that he will find one," carelessly remarked Helen's father.

“I hope that the woman will be as good and true as he is,” said Helen.

“Grandeur,” “Wealth,” “Beauty”—Oh! New York, you are thinking of—the second city of the world has given a fitting reception to His Royal Highness. Dream of all that is supremely elegant and beautiful, and then think that your dream was but half over when aroused from your slumber—such was the reception given to the Grand Duke Vladimar in the Metropolis of America.

Notwithstanding all of New York’s unrivaled attractions, still the Russian royal party gravitated toward the Capital of the Nation.

Philadelphia and Baltimore, each blessed with a brief visit, bade adieu in sadness to the early departing visitors.

“Veni! Vidi!”—hold the last word, Prince Gourkoff, you may never write—“Vici!”

The Executive Mansion is a scene of splendor. Fair women and brave men in the national residence await the coming of Russia’s royal son.

In the galaxy of beauty where all are fair, the First Lady, nature has made the fairest lady, in the land. No guide is necessary to indicate the “Queen Rose” in the rosebud garden gathered to welcome the royal visitor.

Once in England’s court, Denmark’s daughter might enter unattended, unknown, any royal recep-

tion-room, and by the charm of an indescribable something, all present at once would know the lady as the wife of England's chiefest gentleman.

The son of the successor of the race of Rurik is presented to the "American Nobody."

Strange! but somehow when in her presence she seems "Somebody," all preconceived opinions of the "Ambitious American Woman" vanish, like a misty frost of dreamland made on the mental glass, before the sun of reality.

"This is a superior woman," silently comments the Russian as he converses with the woman of the plebeian republic.

"Not the usual sort, by any means." "Quite different from what I was led to expect." "Really a new sensation, I feel myself small, in fact quite little, when near her."

At the apartments of the Russian party when comfortably coated in smoking jackets, and reclining in chairs made to woo the weary, His Highness, the Grand Duke, and his guide, Prince Gourkoff, discuss the events of the evening spent at the Executive Mansion, between whiffs of Russian cigarettes.

The Prince, who has grown very thoughtful since he came to America, said:

"Washington is not like New York and the other American cities that we have visited. I begin to think that the English newspaper correspondent was

correct who wrote 'New York may be the pocketbook of America, but at Washington one finds the heart of the nation.' The officials and the Congressmen whom we met this evening are entirely free from affectation, very plain, simple, straightforward people. There is no veneering about them; they seem to voice the sentiments of the mass of the people more nearly than do the swell social set of New York and Philadelphia. I can't say I am pleased at the situation."

"Then give me your opinion of the President and his daughter," inquired Vladimar amused at his mentor's discomfiture.

"There, too, I fear, our ambassador has been mistaken. The President's whole manner indicates a total absence of the idea of personal aggrandizement. He receives the respect paid to him entirely as an honor due to his office. Accepts compliment and attention only as if rendered to the nation. He seems to say in every action 'I am the servant of the people. I receive nothing but in the name of my master, the nation.' There is more virtue, honesty, simplicity, and I fear, the spirit of the Anglo-Saxons here, than I had looked for," replied thoughtfully the diplomatist.

"What about the President's daughter, my analyst?" asked the smiling Grand Duke.

"I confess myself disappointed also with regard to

the character of this woman upon whom rests the success of my enterprise. Unless I am greatly mistaken, she is so intensely American that she would regard even the throne of Russia honored by the occupancy of a daughter of this Republic," answered Prince Gourkoff indignantly.

"Then, like Othello, my occupation is gone here in America, and I may return at once to Russia," cried the delighted Vladimar.

"Not so fast, Your Highness," said Gourkoff quickly. "I may be mistaken; let us wait and play our cards carefully and with patience. Pay the young woman marked attention, and let me observe the result."

"I assure I have not the least objection to being attentive to Miss Morrison; she is a most charming person; but I tell you plainly, and you may notify my father, the Czar, if you care to, I will not make an ass of myself with a woman in whom I recognize a superior character, by any impertinent love-making," exclaimed the Grand Duke firmly.

"Well, use your own discretion in the form you pay attention to the American woman, only be constant in it," said the wily Russian in conciliatory accent.

The American Congress met in early session that winter; there was much necessary legislation to be enacted concerning the extensive domain of the Re-

public. The Russian visitors found Washington most attractive and enjoyed all the gayety of the National Capital during the fashionable season, being only absent for the brief visits that they made to Chicago, Niagara Falls and a few of the other places of especial interest in America.

Prince Gourkoff spent the winter in paying profuse attention to the United States Senators. The Prince gave most perfect dinners, and arranged most artistic evening entertainments for the ladies of the Cabinet and Senatorial set. The Russian nobleman seemed constantly, and innocently (?) striving to please everyone. Apparently he succeeded most wonderfully.

Vladimar, at first as a duty, later from choice, became the constant attendant of the President's daughter; in the drive, in the dance, at the theatre, at the White House, the Grand Duke was ever Helen's attentive companion. So marked became the preference of the Grand Duke for the society of the young mistress of the White House, that the omnipresent press of the country could no longer keep silent.

"An important international marriage in the near future is predicted," "America will soon lose one of its fairest daughters," "The Czarina of Russia may be an American," "Our Helen may soon leave us," "Like another Paris, the Grand Duke Vladimar may

steal the fair Helen." Such paragraphs appeared now almost daily in the newspapers throughout the country.

While Helen had formed, in anticipation, a rather ridiculous impression of the coming Russian Grand Duke, when he was presented, and she found instead of an insignificant weakling, a manly, tall, dignified person, she was quite ready to acknowledge her error, and in so doing made her American hero all the more admirable.

The devotion of the Grand Duke was flattering and pleasing to the heroine of Montevideo.

All women like the preference of one much sought after, and Helen, good and true as she was, still was a woman, and recognized the fact that Vladimar was the lion of the season.

Surrounded from childhood by the fascinations of a royal court, with all its accompanying temptations; seeing human nature in its most debased phases; the object of solicitation and undesired attention, Vladimar was mystified, made happy, enamored by the republican simplicity and honesty of Helen, and the atmosphere ever present about the Executive palace of the great nation that he visited.

It may seem incongruous and contradictory, but nevertheless it is true that the most blasé roué, the debauched rake is ever most attracted by honesty, purity, guilelessness and virtue.

This American plebeian presented such a new phase of womanly character, that the transition from interested wonder to admiration and adoration was easy and rapid for the pampered and petted son of Ivan, Czar of all the Russias.

Many strange fancies came floating through the thoughts of the Russian Grand Duke, during these winter days made happy by association with a good woman.

“It were better to be a plain soldier and have the honest love of a noble woman like Helen Morrison, than to wear in terror the crown of Russia, surrounded by the insincere worship of a crowd of sycophantic courtiers,” thus would meditate Vladimir, sick at heart at the recollection of the sham and tawdry tinsel that he knew existed about the royal sceptre.

A more enterprising journal than all others of America, hoping to surpass all rival newspapers, one day printed with great black head lines, with many alleged portraits and much detail the full, authentic (?) account of the engagement, and approaching wedding of “Our Helen” and the Grand Duke of Russia.

And a copy of the accursed paper went to Palestine, and was read by a soldier camping in the desert beyond the river Jordan.

In the Senate of America at this time, was a small

coterie of Senators who opposed the expansion of the power and glory of the republic.

These Senators called the natural onward progress of the nation, the march toward "Imperialism." Dubbed the development toward the manifest destiny of the nation a "most dangerous tendency."

God be praised for the blessing; there were but few such spirits in the Senate!

These Senators were perfectly honest, sincere and patriotic—not a question of it; still, they were not infallible; in their earnest, honest zeal to prevent the enactment of what they really deemed dangerous measures they resorted to the time-honored (?) dilatory tactics that are still suffered in the Senate of the Union.

This small section of the Senate, composed of Senators elected by both the great political parties, led by Senators Angelo, Rossignol, Pulaski and Gotlieb, was ever an object of most solicitous attention on the part of Prince Gourkoff.)

The Russian diplomatist cultivated the acquaintance of the "Anti-Imperialism" Senators with assiduity. He graphically depicted the dangers of expansion, and incidentally touched upon the inadvisability of the co-operation of the United States with Great Britain in championing the cause of Christianity and Civilization in behalf of "a lot of half-breeds and semi-civilized savages."

Prince Gourkoff bemoaned lachrymoniously the extension of the Russian Empire, and discoursed learnedly upon the ills attendant upon the Russianizing of Central Asia.

Immensely important did the diplomat think the conversions he seemed making, judging, as many foreigners do, falsely, the American temper.

Highly gratified by the newspaper accounts of the progress of his scheme for winning the influence of "that American woman," the Prince deemed it hardly necessary to interview Vladimar concerning the particulars of his fraudulent wooing.

Only one cloud hovered ominously in the bright sky of the future, in the opinion of the Russian statesman, and that was the constantly increasing American force, naval and military, in the Mediterranean.

The battleships McKinley, Cleveland, Harrison and Garfield had been added during the winter to the already extensive naval establishment of the American Mediterranean Station.

Troop-ships constantly carried American soldiers eastward, increasing almost daily the power of the Anglo-Saxons in the European sea.

Vladimar, the Grand Duke of Russia, was something even better than a Royal Highness, he was a gentleman. His character had survived unspoiled the artificial and often poisonous atmosphere in

which the scions of royalty so frequently grow to maturity. (God bless Good Queen Victoria! Her court was ever clean and wholesome). The manly, independent spirit of the Romanoffs, inherited from, historically recorded, unconventional ancestors, readily imbibed the air of independence, breathed in America's realm of freedom.

"Peter, my brother, will come into the terrible heritage of the Crown of Russia. I, surely, like the Great Peter of Russia, may love as I like! If I can but win the heart of this good woman, I can well afford to lose the anticipation of limitless, unattractive power, and domination. If I am disowned, discarded, by my wrathful Czar and father, I still may win a position far from dishonorable with my sword in the armies of this great Republic, like that grand soldier Howard."

So oft in profound meditation thought His Highness.

"Drop by drop the springs run dry, leaf by leaf the roses fall," slowly and surely daily contact with the purity and honesty of Helen Morrison was bringing to the breast of Vladimar the rapture of the first feeling of true love's wonderful thrilling. Cursed and execrated be all the rules empiric that make princes vow to love where love means loathing! Envied is the lot of the plain republicans, whose

love may nestle like the bee close to the flower of its own choosing.

“Czarovitch killed at Carlsbad!” “Another Assassination by Anarchists!” Flaring headlines! Many extra editions! Cables hot with endless details of the fearful explosion that blew into eternity the heir of all the Russias.

That was how the news came to Vladimar, whose mind with thoughts of republican simplicity for the future had been filling, that some day, he would be Czar, Lord and Master of the Empire of Russia.

Evaporated is the mist of Gourkoff's machinations! Changed, altered, recast must be all the mouldings to suit the strangely disordered machinery of Russian diplomacy.

It was bad enough to bow royal Russian pride to the necessity of accepting that disagreeable alternative of commanding a Grand Duke to court, even in jest, “An American Nobody,” but to allow the Czarovitch to do so, of course is preposterous. Other means must be found to prevent an Anglo-American alliance.

Gourkoff received orders from his master, “Send the Czarovitch Vladimar to Russia.” Excited Russians whisper and bustle around the apartments, in the republican capital, of the future Czar of Russia. More obsequious has grown Prince Gourkoff as he salutes the rising sun of royalty.

“When will it please Your Highness for me to have passage engaged for your suite? Your royal father requests your early departure for Europe, and by his order I am to remain, for the present, in America,” said the experienced courtier.

“When I get ready, I will sail for Russia. I have something of importance to attend to in America before leaving,” blurted out the future ruler of millions with the republican bluntness, and, (its shocking) the Yankee lack of diplomatic formula so easily acquired in America by every foreigner.

Vladimar made no exhibition of pretended grief over the news of the death of his brother. Practically they had been strangers to each other; the ten years that separated the birthdays of the royal children had reared an impassible barrier between the brothers. Peter was a young man while Vladimar was still an urchin.

Helen Morrison, a devoted lover of flowers, was among the beautiful blossoms that make radiant and odoriferous the conservatory of the White House, when the Grand Duke’s card was presented to her, and she bade the attendant usher His Highness into that, the most attractive apartment of the National Mansion.

To Helen’s hearty welcome, tinged with a tone of consolation, the new Czarovitch responded by saying:

“Miss Morrison, I have grown so weary of the

stale, flat, and meaningless speeches ever sounding in the ears of those in my position, that I seek your society, feeling that I am sure that my meaning will be understood, when I say I cannot feel deep sorrow at the death of my brother. We were almost as strangers to each other. His Majesty, my Czar and father, demands my instant return to Russia! In stating that royal order, I state the cause of my only sorrow."

Helen, somewhat surprised at the changed demeanor of the Grand Duke, and realizing there must be some hidden meaning in the expression of his regret at leaving America, exclaimed:

"I am indeed delighted that Your Highness has found my country so attractive as to cause regret at leaving it."

"I'll not indulge in the exchange of national courtesies and compliments! Miss Morrison, Helen! It is you I love, not your country! Hear me, dearest, most adorable, to me, of all women, I had rather wear your love in my heart as its chiefest jewel, than possess the undisputed dominion of all created earth. In course of nature I will wear the Crown of Russia; I am willing most solemnly to abjure it; it becomes, if it be an obstacle, a mere bauble beside your love, my darling. Bless my realm and me with your sweet presence, and the future holds no added happiness for me and Russia," said the Grand Duke,

Vladimar, waving princely phrasing as naturally in the expression of his sincere sentiments, as the veriest plebeian citizen of the Republic telling the story of his love to the humblest hearer.

Helen, never dreaming of such a denouement, was rendered speechless by the passionate utterance of the Grand Duke's unsuspected sentiments, and remained silent, confused, until aroused by the ardent Russian seizing her hand and covering it with kisses.

"Your Highness! Cease! Forgive me; you are mistaken," cried the now thoroughly alarmed young woman.

"You have been misled unintentional. I am at fault; forgive me! I had no idea that you, in your position, could possibly misconstrue my meaning in accepting your attentions. As I am an honest woman, I am sorry; forgive me!" almost pleaded conscientious Helen, the plebeian woman of the people.

Undismayed and not discouraged by the pleading of Helen, the ardent wooer pressed his suit with vehement and earnest manner; urged all that his past knowledge of the female sex seemed attractive. Position, Power, Wealth, all that men ever consider prime inducements with women, the royal Russian placed before the plebeian "Nobody."

Unlike Catherine, when the Great Peter pleaded, Helen, while greatly troubled, would not listen and,

finally constrained, by the Grand Duke's persistence, to end a scene distressing, exclaimed in desperation:

"I love another man, Your Highness, for heaven's sake be silent. I am almost distracted by the fear that unconsciously I have misled you into making this declaration.

Of all measures to quell the flames of love's fires none is so entirely efficient as the statement, "I love another." The flood of Vladimar's fervid utterances was instantaneously ended, but still clinging to the hope of finally winning, reluctant to relinquish what appeared so desirable and so sure of accomplishment, the Russian Prince continued more calmly and with greater calculation in the presentation of all the favorable phases of a marriage with the heir of Russia.

"I must end this interview, Your Highness," at last exclaimed the much distressed daughter of the President.

"It may be my fault that such a situation is possible. I will atone, Your Highness, by a frank statement of why I cannot listen with approval to your proposal. I love an American soldier dearly, and though, from his exaggerated idea of my worth, and his all too modest opinion of his own merits, he has hesitated to avow his love for me, still I own to you I love him. I tell you, knowing you for a man of honor, though uncourted, my heart's king is a soldier

of the Republic. Wealth, power, position and the love of a universal monarch could not swerve the devotion of my heart from its hero."

There was too much evidence of honesty, and candor in the statement made by Helen, whose crimson cheeks told the story of the struggle between maidenly modesty and duty in making such an avowal, to leave room for a doubt of her sincerity. While loath to relinquish any object of desire, but convinced all further pleading would be futile, Vladimar, disconcerted and humbled, asked:

"May I have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing by whom I am so far surpassed in all that appears deserving in your sight, fair lady?"

"Do not, Your Highness, affect a manner that is unworthy of your better nature. Surely, I have been heedless, thoughtless, wrong, perhaps, but had no intention nor dreamed of what might follow our companionship. I will drink of the cup of my humiliation. I will tell you, I am sure you are too good a gentleman to reveal the confession, the name of the man I love—he saved your life. It is George Howard."

Vladimar, who had never heard of even Helen's acquaintance with his rescuer at Gibraltar, could only ejaculate:

"My God! The only American that I am obligated to." He paused, while remembrance, with cycionic

force, swept his mind back to a scene in the moonlight beneath grim Gibraltar's rock. Mastering his feelings of chagrin and disappointment, like the gallant, grateful gentleman that he was, he added:

"Miss Morrison, I can honestly congratulate you upon your choice of the man upon whom you bestow the inestimable worth of your affection. Brave, and loyal I know him to be. May he ever merit the prize of possessing the love you give him. Vladimar of Russia will ever gratefully remember you, sweet lady, and the man you honor. In a friend, be assured, you will never be lacking while Vladimar lives."

* * * * *

"When does the next ship leave for Europe, Prince? I wish to sail immediately," said the Grand Duke abruptly as he entered the rooms of the Russian party. Gourkoff, happy at the prompt acquiescence of the Czarovitch in the mandate of His Majesty the Czar of Russia, responded:

"Two days hence, a ship sails from New York, Your Highness."

"Engage staterooms for our party, I will leave America at once," said Vladimar with an admixture of anger and sorrow in his voice and manner.

"Hurried departure of the Grand Duke of Russia," "New complications in Europe," "Prince Gourkoff remains with us yet a little longer." "The

Grand Duke expresses admiration for America in an interview with the special correspondent of the *Great and Only American Newspaper*." "The Czarovitch sends a last farewell to America when one thousand miles from Sandy Hook, by the *Alaska Times'* tug."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" The royal visitor and the refulgent glory of his presence in America are things of the past. Gone with the wild, grand flourish of graphic journalism for which our dear nation is justly (with full justice) famous.

CHAPTER X.

FAREWELL, FOND HOPE!

IN an exceedingly short time Howard's White Cross troopers became the terror of desert marauders and other evil-doers of Palestine.

The Arabs at first did not realize the danger of defying the plain, unadorned Western horsemen, who were so entirely free from theatrical flourish and dramatic demeanor. An object lesson was necessary, and Howard determined quickly to furnish it to them.

Soon after his arrival in Asia, Howard received his commission as Brigadier-General, and assumed command of the entire cavalry force attached to General Gordon's Army. With the commission came a personal letter from the President, urging Howard to use the utmost speed in ending the campaign in Palestine and Syria.

Having established his headquarters in the plain of Esdraelon, the American cavalry commander immediately began a system of scouting and patrolling along the eastern and northern borders of the sacred district, sending detachments in every direction whence danger of incursion by the Arabs might be expected.

It was during the time that his force was so scattered and within a few weeks of his coming to Palestine, that General Howard secured the opportunity for teaching the Mahdi's horde a lesson.

Many wealthy Hebrews of orthodox Jewish religion, grown weary of the social and often legal differentiation that exists in Europe, except in England, between Jews and Christians, had sought rest, peace and freedom from petty persecution in the "Promised Land" of their fathers.

Around Tiberias and near the Sea of Galilee many European Jews had built beautiful homes, and tastefully arranged villas.

Prior to the coming of the American soldiers, the Mohammedans had ruthlessly destroyed the majority of these delightful dwellings. A few, however, remained and had become, by reason of the wealth of their owners, objects of intense detestation to the mob of religious fanatics gathered under the Mahdi's standard.

One evening, as General Howard and the genial Chaplain of the Fourteenth were dining, camp fashion, at headquarters, near the shore of that sacred Sea of Galilee, a courier arrived in breathless haste with the information that a large force of Bedouin Arabs had eluded the detachments of cavalry east of Jordan river and was making straight for Tiberias, burning and slaughtering as it hurried onward.

“Boots and Saddle” rang out the bugles instantly through the camp of the White Cross Cavalry. The General had only a couple of hundred troopers with him at headquarters, but to hesitate and count numbers was not part of the Virginian’s nature. Almost as quickly as one can write it, the command was formed and prepared for marching. Long training had rendered the Fourteenth rather speedy in matters of preparation for fighting.

As the commander gave the order “Forward,” he noticed Father O’Neil—all in “fighting trim,” as the priest called it—beside him, mounted and ready for action.

“Why! Chaplain, are you going on a night foray with us?” exclaimed Howard.

“I surely am, General, if you will permit me. I feel a double duty in this campaign. I represent two armies, Christ’s and the Union’s,” said the vigorous representative of muscular Christianity tucking up his cassock, ready for riding.

“Then boot to boot, Father, and Forward,” cried the commander as he struck his spurs on his charger’s side and the steed sprang forward.

The distance from the camp to Tiberias was almost fifteen miles, but the seasoned American horses never faltered, the troop of cavalry swept onward nearly in parade order. At its head, going

like a team of well-trained carriage horses, in perfect step, went the Commander's and Chaplain's chargers.

As Father O'Neil caught a glimpse in the starlight of the hard-set face of his companion, riding sternly and silently, beside him and remembered the warning sent by Howard to the Mahdi on his first coming to the country, the good Chaplain murmured to himself:

"I am sorry for the poor devils of heathens, if Big George catches them, while he's in this humor."

When the white roofs of Tiberias appeared in the distance, suddenly flames shot into the air, from among the Jewish villas in outskirts of the little city.

Howard turned in his saddle, and called on his men to put spurs to their horses and hasten forward, then striking the rowels deep into the sides of his now running steed, he whirled his saber from its scabbard and at racing speed rushed toward the scene of conflagration.

The Chaplain had a drop or two of wild Irish racing blood in him, (and the Irish are the fiend's own children when on horseback), and he answered his leader's challenge by pressing his horse to its utmost going powers.

So side by side, Howard, saber in hand, (and it was not still for an instant), and the priest, broke through the mob of howling Mohammedan Arabs about the villas of the European Jews.

Slashing right and left at the white-robed fol-

lowers of the new prophet, the American officer cleared a pathway for himself and comrade to the doorway of a handsome, just ignited villa, whence issued screams of terror and anguish.

The Yankee troopers by this time were among the Arabs, and many a follower of the prophet had only time to cry "Allah!" ere he perished by the hand of the Western avenger.

Howard sprang from his horse as he reached the veranda of the burning residence, and dashed the door that guarded the entrance to the dwelling from its hinges with his massive shoulder, brushed aside an old white-haired man who, misunderstanding the meaning of the intrusion, made weak but frantic efforts to restrain him, and rushed up the stairs whence proceeded the wild screaming of female voices.

When in a few moments the General reappeared, and descended the stairway through the smoke and sparks of the lower story of the dwelling, he bore on one arm an aged, infirm woman and on the other a frightened white-faced little maid of six or seven years of age. Just beyond the doorway he found the old man who had attempted to bar his entrance, struggling in the grasp of the Chaplain, who was with gentle force restraining the distracted old Hebrew from casting himself into the flames of the burning building.

When the struggling Jew saw the great American bearing in his arms the two figures, he tore himself from the grasp of the priest, and rushing with clasped hands raised upward to heaven before the giant soldier, fell on his knees, crying in the depth of his agony:

“Spare! Oh! cruel Christian, spare my wife and grandchild!”

“Pick the old man up, Chaplain! Here you men! Take this child and woman to some place of safety! Blow the assembly, bugler! Fall in, men, we will pursue these villains,” came the quick commands of the American leader.

Dazed and in wonder the old Hebrew gazed about him at the white crosses, and then at the tender solicitude of their rough wearers for the ancient dame and almost baby maiden, and as if half-demented, half-dreaming, all reason quite distracted, he stopped still and placing his hand on the Chaplain's breast where the white cross gleamed, and in doubting accent almost whispered:

“Are you, indeed, believers in that symbol, the sign of the chosen people's oppression? Are you really Christians and still succor the persecuted Jews?” “Are you, who are so kind and gentle, a disciple and teacher of the Nazarene, whom they call Christ? You are clothed in that priestly garb of black, the attire most dreaded by the children of Israel.”

The imaginative nature of the priest's Celtic temperament, stirred by the scene, and thoughts associated in his mind with this spot almost within sight of Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, the flames from the building illuminating with a circle of light the group of rough soldiers, their tall chief, the terror-stricken women and the aged, half-crazed Hebrew, inspired the Chaplain to raise his hand on high, and in the melodious voice of the Celts proudly and solemnly to say:

“Yea, brother, though you deny Him, whom we worship, as His priest, and as His children, we come in His name to succor even the disbelieving Israelites, for

He came, the Lord Jesus, Man, Warrior and God,
Bringing Hope and Salvation to those 'neath the rod,
This Cross was His banner, He raised it on high,
Come ye who are heavy ladened was Christ's battle cry.

× (“This is the American Army of the Lord, and with our brothers under the British flag, we intend to make of the joined names of our two Anglo-Saxon nations a shield for the suffering everywhere, in the name of Him you call the Nazarene, our Savior.”)

The now trembling Jew, his fear and excitement palsied limbs almost sinking as the artificial strength of his dementia departed, cried out:

“Now, Oh! God of Abraham, have I lived to see an act of kindness done to thy despised children in the name of Him called Christ.”

Leaving the alarmed and plundered Jews in the care of the Chaplain, General Howard prepared to pursue the flying Mohammedans, sending couriers to the detached portions of his cavalry, appointing a rendezvous beyond Jordan. Then, like relentless fate, with his immediate command, he started after the plunderers, declaring "I will follow them to the Persian Gulf if need be."

For four weeks the fleeing Arabs knew no rest. Like avenging angels the blue-coated American horsemen never ceased nor rested in their tireless chase behind their prey. When, after days spent in panic-stricken flight, completely worn out by fatigue, thinking themselves safe for a few brief hours of repose, the Arabs would pitch their tents in some rocky gully. Hardly would the saddles be removed from their horses, than, with the desert sand deadening the sound of their coming, the Yankee cavalry would swoop down upon the worshipers of Mahomet.

Far out on the Syrian desert where a large spring of life-giving water had formed an oasis, finally the distracted tribesmen halted, utterly exhausted and desperate, hoping and trusting that the iron-framed men and horses of their Western foemen could not follow so far over the heart-breaking sand of the desert.

As if by common consent, the scattered bands of Bedouins, attacked by the several detachments of

American cavalry hurrying to join General Howard, sought this oasis for safety. Soon this one small green island of fertility in the surrounding sea of sand held nearly all of the principal chiefs or sheiks of the Mahdi's mounted forces.

The doomed robbers, whose creed is death and despoliation for disbelievers, had not counted upon the wonderful endurance of the American, man and horse. Sustained by meagre "emergency rations" eked out by a few dates, the parchment-faced, gaunt, leathery Yankee troopers seemed invincible to heat, hunger and fatigue. Like wolf-hounds they followed, and having "coralled" the herd of desert bandits, Howard hurled his horsemen upon the devoted followers of the Prophet.

Dispersed and flying in terror before the soldiers of the Republic, the Arabs scattered over the boundless waste of sun-parched dreariness. Howard, who, as usual, was foremost in the onslaught, followed eagerly a party that seemed endeavoring to secure the escape of some leader, or head sheik.

With a half score troopers who had outridden their comrades, the Virginian at last burst among the rapidly retreating squad of Arabs. Useless was the resistance of the tribesmen, against the headlong charge of the Americans. After a brief struggle, the little group of Arabs parted, torn asunder, each heedless of all save his own safety.

The General, seeing the figure that had seemed the object of solicitude when the party fled from the oasis, speeding in the darkness toward the desert, and thinking perhaps he might capture some great leader, and by so doing end the predatory warfare of Arabs, forsook the balance of his party and pursued alone the single fleeing horseman.

Mile after mile across the loose sand flew the noiseless riders, until coming to a spot strewn with broken, half-buried fragments of rock, the steed of the Arab, wounded and worn out, stumbled, fell, and in falling carried his rider to the ground and pinned him beneath the horse's frantically struggling body.

When Howard's panting steed reached the spot, groans of anguish were coming from the hapless rider of the fallen charger. It was the work of only an instant for the American to dismount and drag the groaning Arab from beneath the crushing burden of the horse's body. When the American raised the sufferer, he found that he held in his arms the breathless, apparently lifeless form of an Arab lad of perhaps fifteen years of age.

The American forced a few drops of water from the canteen he carried at his saddle, between the lips of the fainting boy and by gently rubbing and moistening the lad's hands and brow soon had the satisfaction of seeing him revive sufficiently to open his eyes.

Much experience in the field had taught the Virginian enough of surgery to know that the irrepressible groan given forth by the suffering youth as soon as the soldier's hand touched the Arab's hip in raising him up, meant some serious dislocation. Alone, in darkness, in the midst of a trackless desert, burdened now with a wounded boy whom he could not abandon to die, Howard was perfectly lost how to act.

The young Arab watched the American, as after placing him as comfortably on the sand as possible, he examined the dying horse of the boy, and finding it past all further effort at carrying its master, he returned to the side of the sufferer with a puzzled expression.

The Arab, unable to make himself understood by words, but knowing that the American wanted to assist and relieve him, pointed with eager gesture toward the direction he had been going when the mishap to his horse occurred, speaking rapidly and earnestly in the language of the Arabs.

Howard, seeing no other alternative, if he would save the poor fellow, mounted his horse, holding and carrying the boy in his arms and started in the direction indicated by the lad's gestures. The American, as he rode through the darkness, muttered to himself, "It's rather risky to put myself in the power of these wild zealots, but there's no help for

it; so here goes, I can't leave this poor little devil."

On and on through the darkness, over the soft sand stumbled the weary horse of the American with its double burden, until the first gray light of morning began streaking the Eastern sky; then, as the light grew brighter, Howard noticed the character of the desert had changed and become hilly and rocky. Suddenly, as his horse descended, stumbling down a rocky decline into a deep gully, he found himself surrounded by armed Arabs.

Flight was impossible; to fight, however, was second nature with the American. Quickly letting the young Arab slip to the sand, he drew his saber for battle. The boy, without ceasing, screamed forth between groans of pain a perfect torrent of passionate words, which acted like magic upon the conduct of the tribesmen. They cast their weapons down upon the sand and came forward with motions suggestive of friendship and gratitude, and prepared to raise the lad.

The American cavalryman, not comprehending what was spoken, stood saber in hand ready to defend himself, watching the Arabs who now had approached the lad and were listening to his rapid relation of some story, when a commanding voice was heard, and as the group around the boy parted a stately Arab sheik stepped forward and addressed Howard in the French language.

The tall Arab informed Howard that he was Ben Achmid, the leader of the Mahdi's mounted forces; that he was the Commander of the Confederate Bedouins; that he and the head men of the tribes had been present in the fight at the oasis, and when overwhelmed by the Western warriors, he had given orders, as his band scattered in flight, that this spot, well known to all of his tribe, was to be the rendezvous; that the youth Howard had brought to the camp was his only son, from whom in the retreat the sheik had become separated.

"Thou, son of the fair-haired giants, hast proved thyself a scourge and terror to the followers of Allah and His Prophet, but as thou hast saved the son of my old age to me, thou art as safe in the tent of Ben Achmid as in the camp of thy own strange and terrible swordsmen," concluded the chieftain with solemn dignity.

With courtly courtesy the sheik bade Howard enter his hastily arranged tent and rest until his steed had regained strength sufficient to carry the American commander back to his army. The Virginian, like all men who are strong and brave, free from suspicion, fear's companion, readily and frankly accepted the Arab's proffered hospitality, and was soon seated beneath the white folds of the desert dwelling of the Bedouin chieftain.

While these two representatives of warriors past

and present were sitting side by side, they presented a contrast recalling the romantic story of the meeting of the Saladin, and the Lion-hearted King of England. The Sheik gazed with undisguised admiration upon the gigantic proportions of the fair-haired Anglo-Saxon, and marveled at the great muscles that moved like huge serpents coiling beneath the snowy skin of the American where the open shirt displayed to view the neck and breast of the splendid soldier.

Howard regarded with surprise the swift suppleness of the motions of the long, lithe, sinewy limbs of his dark host as he moved about in his loose-flowing robe of white muslin, making movements with the stealth and flexibility of a pliant-muscled panther. Quietly smoking together in the shade of the canvas awning, Howard seized the opportunity to discuss with the Arab leader the futility of further struggling against the might of America.

Until the sun was descending on the western horizon the two leaders discussed the situation. The Arab asked many questions concerning the American nation, saying, "The warriors of thy strange nation are like, and still unlike, the red-coated soldiers of the English. We, the sons of the desert, learned long years ago to fear the lion courage of the British with whom we vainly battled in the Soudan. Thou hast that same reckless valor. Thou hast the same

tongue, and fair face of the English, but with the lion nature of the men of England thou hast also the subtle cunning and fierce spirit of the sons of Arabia. Thou hast, joined together the courage of the lion and the tireless inveteracy of the tiger, in thy Anglo-American nature. Canst thou explain the meaning of that engrafting, as strange as if the wild fig were joined with the home shade-giver?"

The Virginian related the historical narrative of how the natures of the first Anglo-Americans had been changed by their environments, how surrounded by vast forests and countless savages, they had bravely contended against tremendous forces of man and nature, and at last, when success had crowned their efforts, traces of the fearful struggle still remained in the character of the people of America to mark a difference between them, and their ancestors, the English, and give evidence of an experience only possible, with survival, to an Anglo-Saxon people.

Howard explained to the chieftain that the endless energy and persistency, almost fierce and sometimes wolfish, that distinguished the Americans from their British cousins, were inherited peculiarities derived from Anglo-Saxon ancestors, created in them by the necessity of constant struggle against conditions in the new home of their making on the Western Hemisphere.

After hours of earnest argument, General Howard so impressed Ben Achmid with the truth of his frank and soldierly statement, of the uselessness of continuing to disturb the peace of Palestine, and being taught by the recent slaughter of his tribesmen that certain punishment would follow each plundering expedition, the Sheik finally agreed to meet the American commander at a designated spot east of the river Jordan, and to bring to the meeting the head men of the Bedouins, there to arrange terms for a lasting peace between the Americans and Arabs and to insure security to the Jews in Palestine.

When General Howard in the twilight bade adieu to the Arab, and prepared to follow the guide furnished by the Sheik to lead the American to the oasis where the Union Cavalry had halted, Ben Achmid placed a dull-hued golden ring in Howard's hand, saying:

“Thou art a man, heart, head and hand. I shall ever remember thee, and what thou hast done for me, and my tribe of kinsmen in showing us the error of further warfare against those protected by that strange nation represented by thee. Take this ring, think sometimes of Ben Achmid as thine eyes gaze at it, and shouldst thou ever be in need or danger, and a true Believer of our holy order be near thee, call upon him, show him the signs emblazoned on that golden circle and he will aid thee in thine hour of peril.

Our holy order extends wherever the Prophet's name is venerated, and the Crescent waves its sacred standard."

The gratified Virginian accepted the gift of Ben Achmid, and promised to suspend all further hostilities with the Arabs while waiting for the day appointed for their meeting to conclude the proposed peace, and parted with the stately warrior of the desert with many mutual expressions of kind feeling.

As Howard placed the ring, given by the Sheik, upon his finger, he noticed the cabalistic signs, half masonic, by which it was encircled and wondered if he should ever need to make use of the potential qualities that the Arab declared it possessed.

Scarcely had a dozen miles of the tiresome sand been covered when a short sharp challenge came out of the darkness "Halt!" The American officer, who knew from long comradeship the voice of almost every man of the Fourteenth regiment, answered promptly, "All right, Hollins."

"Glad you are safe, General!" said the trooper saluting his commander, and looking sideways suspiciously at the Arab guide, added, "The Fourteenth are scouring this whole infernal region, and if we had not found you, we would have sent many of these dirty niggers to join their Prophet in a country far hotter than Palestine."

Howard, delighted with the success of his negotia-

tions with Ben Achmid, and pleased at the devotion of his rough troopers to him, reached his anxious soldiers in the oasis, after a few hours' ride through the cool night air, as the day was breaking. In great good humor was the American General as he dashed into camp early in the morning amid the cheering of his comrades of many campaigns.

Hardly had the weary Virginian finished a scanty breakfast of bitter black coffee and hard tack, when renewed cheering told of some new cause of enthusiasm among the troopers. The explanation of the excitement was easy when a courier made his appearance at the General's quarters with dispatches from General Gordon, and the mail from America for the command.

Howard's fatigue was instantly forgotten as his portion of the contents of the precious mail pouch was handed to him. One by one he read the dispatches and letters, until he came to a long gossipy communication from an old friend and brother officer stationed at Washington. This letter he read twice or thrice, all the expression of happiness so recently wreathing his face in smiles, leaving his countenance as he perused the contents of his Washington correspondent's epistle. At last, with almost a groan, so deep was the sigh that escaped him, he cast the letter from him and tore the wrapper from an American newspaper that lay among his letters.

The General unfolded a copy of "the most enterprising journal" in America, and saw spread before his bewildered eyes the "full and authentic account of the approaching wedding of the Grand Duke of Russia and the President's daughter." The letter from Washington had suggested something of the kind, and had troubled the soldier greatly, but the sight of such a statement in bold black type was perfectly heartrending to him. The paper fell from his hand, his head sunk upon his breast and lost to everything save his own misery, he remained motionless for hours.

When finally aroused to a sense of his position by the coming of an officer for orders, only one conclusion or settled idea held firm hold upon the mind of the utterly dejected and heartbroken American, and that idea, while unreasoning and ungenerous, was the one most natural under the circumstances to a man of his temperament and training. The one fixed resolve was hatred, and undying vengeance for Russia and Russians.

That night as the cavalry marched back toward Jordan, the General rode alone at the head of the column, and as through the long hours of darkness he pondered over his sorrow, he determined never to return to America, to resign from the army of the Republic and enter the British service, knowing that ere long a clash of arms would surely occur between Russia and Great Britain.

Soon after the arrival of Howard's command at the rendezvous named by Ben Achmid as the place of meeting of the American officer and the Bedouin sheiks, the Arab chieftains, led by Ben Achmid, made their appearance.

Howard readily granted the only condition named by the Bedouins, that was that they should not be molested in their desert homes again by the "fair-haired, tireless giant of the Christians." On their part they willingly placed hostages in the hands of the American army to insure the security of the Jews in Palestine.

Thus did the cavalry commander conclude the campaign against the Apaches of Syria, and secure the northern and eastern border of Palestine against the periodical ravages of the fanatical horde of desert robbers.

Ben Achmid, who had observed the cloud of sorrow that darkened the frank brow of the American chief, said to him at parting:

"Thou hast had some great sorrow since we parted. Shouldst thou find friends untrue, or experience sore disappointment among thine own people, come to the tents of Ben Achmid and thou shalt find friends, rest, and quiet, in the noiseless realm of the Arabs."

The Virginian, while he grasped the hand of the stately Sheik, said:

"I thank you sincerely, Ben Achmid; it may come

to my seeking seclusion in your hospitable tent; a great sorrow has come to my heart since I last parted with you, but first I must do what duty demands of me."

As the departing Arabs disappeared across the sandy desert, Howard stood gazing after them. When the party was lost to sight in the distance, the soldier murmured sadly:

"Why not fly to the tents of Ben Achmid? For me the world is all a desert now, for I have said farewell, fond hope, forever."

When Howard reached Tiberias the grateful Jews hastened to his headquarters to express their gratitude toward him personally, as well as to the American Republic. The old man whose wife and grandchild the General had saved, explained his failure to recognize the American soldiers as friends and protectors of the Jews in Palestine by saying:

"You will forgive me, General, when I tell you the reason for my temporary insanity. I, as a young man, had married and grown rich in Russia; persecution, on account of my religion, forced me to fly from that country. I settled in Strassburg; God sent two sons to bless my old age. Where are they now? Dead! Murdered because they were Jews. My first born, obliged to enter the German army, became an officer; he was taunted and bullied by his brother officers because he was a Jew, until flesh and

blood could stand it no longer. A cruel duel was fought, and my Aaron was brought to me a corpse."

The Hebrew bowed his white head for a moment as if in prayer, and then in a broken voice continued:

"My only remaining child, my son Jacob, married and moved from Strassburg to Paris. He was a financier, a banker. A scandal arose in the military department of France. Jacob had many transactions with high officials of the French army. A scapegoat was needed to satisfy the howling Parisian press, who so easily persecuted as a hated Jew? Jacob was imprisoned, unjustly. It broke his heart, and my poor boy died leaving his little motherless daughter as the sole comfort of my old age. Brave Christian, can you wonder that in the madness of my fright and excitement I forgot that the Americans and English were always just to the Jews, and that your nation had sent its soldiers to protect the children of Israel in Palestine?"

"God knows! Old man, you have cause to hate and distrust the Christians," answered the American when the sad story was ended.

Now that he had terminated all danger from Bedouin Arabs to the Jews, and to the line of communication with the coast, Howard deemed the special duty for which he was sent, performed, therefore he made hasty preparations for placing the officer next in grade in command of the American

cavalry, and leaving Palestine for Naples, determined, when he reached Italy, to tender his resignation by cable and seek service in the British army.

The Virginian had become so gloomy and hopeless, that the future held no anticipation that seemed inviting to him, save only the wish to meet and fight Russia and Russians—all other hope from his bold heart had vanished.

CHAPTER XI.

DUTY, SUREST SAFEGUARD.

“**M**ADAM, I had pointed out to me this morning the American officer, who so severely wounded Count Orloff in the recent duel, and it may interest you to know that he is the same American who saved the life of the Czarovitch at Gibraltar.” So spoke Louis, former valet of the Grand Duke Vladimar, as in the capacity of semi-secretary, spy and newsgatherer he made his morning report to his mistress, the Princess Gourkoff.

“What! You must be mistaken,” exclaimed the fair Princess instantly interested, for she had listened listlessly to the usual budget of gossip, brought by her valet with her coffee every morning, until he mentioned Vladimar.

The Princess Gourkoff had come to Naples to escape the cold and disagreeable weather of the French capital during the months of February and March, and was, this bright March morning, according little attention to the valet’s news as she sipped her coffee, until he touched the subject of greatest interest to her.

“I cannot be mistaken, My lady; I saw the officer

at Gibraltar, before I left His Highness," replied the valet.

"I have seen some account of the duel, but gave the matter little attention; now, however, the affair assumes a different aspect. Can you relate the particulars?" eagerly asked the aroused Princess.

"The facts, Madam, as stated by Count Du Bois, the French nobleman, who acted as Count Orloff's second, briefly are these: One evening a number of French and Russian gentlemen were seated around a table at the Casino here in Naples. Count Orloff, who was one of the party, was quite merry as the result of much champagne, and in jest made a remark concerning the visit to America of the Czarovitch, and a morganatic marriage with the American President's daughter. The Count's tone of voice was so loud as to attract the attention of those around him. This American officer was seated alone at the next table, and as soon as the laugh occasioned by the remark had subsided, he arose from his seat and approached the Russian party, laying his card upon the center of the table, the American said, so that the whole room heard the remark:

" 'You are a liar, and the men who have laughed at your lying statements are cowards and puppies;' " and with the remark the American slapped Count Orloff on both sides of his face with the gloves that he

carried in his hand. Of course, Madam, you know what followed," and Louis bowed.

"And next, what next happened?" said the excited lady.

"I thought My lady was informed concerning the rest of the matter. Lord Beresland, the eccentric old English lord, who is so wealthy, has only one arm and wears a V. C., though unacquainted with the American, stepped to the Yankee officer's side and offered his services to him. Count Orloff, who is the most expert swordsman in Europe, selected sabers as the weapons to be used. The duel was fought in Austrian territory. The American, who seems to have a wrist of steel, disregarding all of the Count's fine sword play, rushed upon our countryman, beat down his guard, and plunged his saber through the Count's body."

"And you saw this same American here to-day in Naples?" anxiously asked Madam la Princess.

"Yes, My lady, I hear that he is here awaiting dispatches from his government," replied the servant.

"You may go, Louis," said the Princess rising hastily from the table. For a few moments after she was alone, the Russian lady remained still and seemed lost in thought; then as she began to pace up and down the apartment like a caged leopardess, she murmured:

“Oh, that Mortillo had not been killed by the explosion of the bomb that ‘Removed’ Peter,” and then after a short time spent in profound meditation, her fair brows knitting, her fingers tightly clinching as she nervously hurried back and forth across the room, she exclaimed:

“Perhaps I can do even better; suppose I can make the American kill him. I will try it; it may be the best plan. The American may himself love the woman. I must meet this Yankee Hercules who has once spoiled my plans of revenge, and endeavor to make him, himself, the instrument of Vladimar’s destruction.”

* * * * *

When General Howard arrived in Naples, he immediately cabled his resignation to Washington, fully resolved to leave the service of the Republic; the reply to his message came promptly from the President himself.

“Cannot accept resignation. Nation needs your services; await instructions at Naples.”

The Virginian also received the information that General Gordon had been ordered to immediately prepare his army, except Howard’s cavalry, for embarkation, and that a fleet of transports was already assembling on the coast of Palestine to convey the American forces to Turkey.

Ostensibly as an answer to the Sublime Porte’s

wrath against America occasioned by the occupation of Palestine, but, as Howard knew from what the President had revealed to him in Washington concerning the co-operation of America with Great Britain in the East, in reality because the President had entered into a treaty of alliance with the English.

Howard's precipitate action in sending his resignation had preceded his knowledge of the orders issued for the removal of the Army of the East from Palestine to Turkey; hence, when he ascertained that fact, knowing that an opportunity might be given him to meet the Russians as an American soldier, he was satisfied that his resignation had not been accepted.

The knowledge of a contemplated campaign in Turkey, occasioned grave doubts in the mind of the General concerning the truthfulness of the story concerning a marriage between the Czarovitch and the President's daughter; he could not reconcile the two ideas. That one great blessing that did not escape from the casket of Pandora, Hope, began to dispel the gloom that overcast the soul of the soldier as he recalled the President's words spoken when he was requested to assume command of the cavalry in Palestine.

Howard was aware of the fact that any treaty of alliance made by the President would require the ratification of the Senate before it could become

effective, and he supposed that the President as Executive of the Nation, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, intended to place the forces of the Republic in a position to act promptly, before presenting the treaty of alliance to the Senate for ratification.

The acquiescence of the British government in the presence of an American army in Turkey, and the fact that British transports were assisting in the removal of Gordon's forces from Palestine to Constantinople, seemed to prove that, as far as the United States Constitution permitted, the President had entered into an agreement with Great Britain for the co-operation of America and England in the East.

It was one evening, while the American's mind oscillated between hope and despair, that he sauntered into the Casino Café, to smoke and listen to the sweet Italian music that made the place attractive, that the encounter with Count Orloff occurred. Howard's resentment was aroused because, first, the President's daughter was the woman he loved, and, next, because as an American an insult to the name of the President was an insult offered to every individual American.

Americans may abuse the candidate of the opposing political party most villainously before election, but the man chosen by the majority as Chief of the Nation, immediately becomes an object of respect to

all Americans, and, hard as foreigners find to understand it, a dangerous subject to discuss disrespectfully.

Old Lord Beresland had lost an arm in the service of Good Queen Victoria, while a commander of cavalry. The V. C. that the old warrior proudly wore upon his breast, was won where danger was thickest. He was intensely Anglo-Saxon, and when he saw the American officer in need of a friend, and heard his words of defiance addressed to a lot of foreigners (Americans are never spoken of as foreigners by Englishmen) he hastened with the undying spirit of his race, old and maimed as he was, to the side of the Yankee soldier.

After the duel, the old English cavalryman and Howard became inseparable companions, the American who was obliged to await in Naples instructions from Washington, and the eccentric English nobleman, who found the utmost delight in recounting and hearing stories of active cavalry life, were most congenial companions.

Marcello, the famous tenor, was to appear that night at the opera house in Naples for the last time before going to England, and the notice of that event had been sufficient to fill the theatre from pit to dome with the wealth, beauty, and la mode of the Italian city, resident and non-resident.

General Howard accompanied Lord Beresland

to hear the silver-toned tenor's farewell song, and together they occupied the box of the English nobleman. The orchestra had ended the charming prelude to the opera, when a commotion in a box directly opposite the one in which was seated the American General attracted the attention of the audience.

"Princess Gourkoff," remarked Lord Beresland in answer to the inquiring glance of Howard, while the brilliant party in the box of the Russian Princess was arranging itself to hear, to see, and, (most important), be seen.

In all the glittering horseshoe that curved around the grand theatre, no gem of beauty shone with more resplendent brilliancy than the radiant Russian Princess. Gowned in filmy lace that fell like waves of fleecy snow around her faultless figure, the glorious creature seemed to adorn, rather than be adorned by, the sparkling diamonds that made tremulous light with every movement of her perfect person.

As the Virginian gazed at the lovely animal, Owen Meredith's poem was forcefully recalled to his mind, "her sumptuous regal air, her full white arm," and the idea fitted so well to his own sad thoughts of his "lost love" that "it was only a step" in imagination from the Princess Gourkoff to "My lady of Carabas."

The Princess, who for a time monopolized the

attention of all those within range of vision, was surrounded by a group of gallant courtiers, representing almost every nation of Europe, all striving to win a glance of favor from the beautiful eyes of the magnificent woman. Howard noticed among her devoted attendants Count DuBois, the titled Frenchman who had acted as Count Orloff's second in the recent duel.

Count DuBois bent toward the Princess and said something that caused that fair lady to immediately fix her opera glasses upon the occupants of Lord Beresland's box. So intent and long was the beauty's scrutiny that the Virginian involuntarily removed his gaze from the distinguished party opposite, and gave his attention to the stage as the curtain ascended.

When the act was ended and the curtain fell, the old lord, a devotee of entrancing nicotine, arose and prepared to go into the corridor and enjoy a smoke. As the Virginian started up to join his friend, Count DuBois entered the box, and with profuse expressions of apology for the intrusion, said that he was commissioned by the Princess Gourkoff to do himself the honor of presenting the famous American officer to Her Highness.

Without exhibiting a most boarish disposition, there was no escape for the brave Virginian, as distasteful as meeting Russians was to him, for the

whole audience had witnessed the Count's visit and could easily guess its meaning; also, the Princess herself was attentive to what was happening in the English lord's box.

Never, even in her mad infatuation for Vladimar, had Princess Vera Gourkoff exercised all the witchery of her charms to intoxicate the senses of the well-sexed masculine beholder as she did in the interview when the handsome American was presented to her. How the eyes of this Northern Venus shot languid, limpid, lascivious glances at the splendid sample of manly beauty before her. How, by the soft, almost caressing touch of the lace, as she drew the light folds by him, to make a place at her side for the American, did she strive to cast the spell of her magnetic sexuality about the simple-hearted soldier.

How the painted, perfumed, powdered wrecks of manhood, wretched specimens, the aged roués around her fairly panted with emotion as they watched the seductive manner of this maddening, reason-destroying temptress, as she sought to ensnare by her syren smiles this stalwart son of Mars.

How liquid, musical and tenderly enticing became the delicious accent of her voice as the nearly bewildered Virginian bowed over her hand at parting, almost drunk with overpowering sensations as he breathed the odorous air stealing from her soft

tresses, and listened to the urgent pleading of the peerless creature that he should visit her next morning. The invitation, given so low as to be almost a whisper, was so full of untold, beguiling meaning that St. Anthony might have trembled had he heard it.

The American, as in some dream delicious, caused by a sense-killing opiate, actually staggered as he left the side of the Princess, and nearly bereft of reason, cast himself into a vehicle, telling the driver to take him quickly to his apartments.

“WASHINGTON.

“Lose not one hour; remove your command from Palestine to Constantinople; transports are waiting. By order of the President.

“COWAN.”

Such were the words of the official dispatch placed in the hand of the General, as soon as he reached his apartments; the soldier read them at first automatically, scarcely realizing their meaning in the mesmeric state of his senses, caused by contact with that supremest of all mesmerists, a magnetic, lovely, passionate woman.

Devotion to duty is one of the most pronounced characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon; it marks the difference between him and the Latin. The call of duty acts with magical power upon the Anglo-Saxon; he can, and will, cast aside the most strongly

stupefying influences and respond with an alacrity utterly impossible to the Latin.

It was a Roman, who, drunk with Egypt's caresses, "madly threw a world away." An Anglo-Saxon, when duty to home and country called, had discarded the infatuating spell of Cleopatra. Men in whose veins flow the greatest percentage of Roman blood are ever the most easily bereft of reason and honor by the intoxication of an illegitimate passion.

The words of the dispatch, as the American soldier read them, and began to realize their meaning, acted as a bugle-call to all his half-somnolent sense of duty and honor. Like one awakening from a dream, the Virginian started from the state of semi-stupor that the witchery of the fiendishly beautiful Princess had caused to benumb his brains and feelings.

Gone! Vanished! Dissipated! Thou fair enchantress, art all recollection of thy bewitching glances! The clarion call of Duty has aroused the Anglo-Saxon soldier from that sleep that ends in worse than death, for the final waking only comes when fame's fair escutcheon is blurred and blotted by the foul traces of Dishonor.

Howard, now alive to the fact that the hour had come for that prompt action that the President of the Republic expected of him, made hasty preparations for leaving Naples for Palestine early in the morning,

and was busily engaged in packing up his traps when a knock at the door announced some late visitor. In answer to his cry of "Come in," Lord Beresland entered.

"I saw your light burning when I passed by, and thinking perhaps I could be of use to you, General, inasmuch as you did not return to the box at the opera, I stopped to inquire," said the friendly Englishman.

"I am awfully glad you called, my lord; I was just about to write you a line saying adieu. I have received instructions from Washington directing me to move my brigade of cavalry from Palestine to Constantinople, and I sail by the steamer that leaves Naples at daylight," replied Howard.

The old lord sat down and puffed away at his perfecto for a few minutes in silence, and then exclaimed:

"Howard, my yacht is in the bay; let me take you over to Palestine. Come, my lad, the 'Cricket' is the fastest thing that floats in the Mediterranean, and will land you at any point you may desire. You will give me the pleasure of your society for a few hours longer by being my guest on the 'Cricket,' and at the same time accomplish more quickly the journey."

"My lord, I am indeed highly honored by your generous invitation, but can not permit you to go to

all the trouble and expense of a special voyage across the Mediterranean on my account. I appreciate your kindness, I assure, just the same, however," said the American.

"Well, General, let me put my suggestion a little differently and show you that as an Englishman I will be receiving, instead of bestowing, a favor in giving you a quick passage to your command. I will show you that there is British selfishness in the proposal," replied Lord Beresland, pausing while he puffed a few moments at his fragrant Havana, as if arranging his argument on the subject, and then continued:

"You will understand better the matter, when I tell you that I am in close touch with those in high positions in the British government. I am in possession of facts that lead me to believe that the day is not far distant when the question will be settled by a clash of arms whether the world shall be dominated by Russian or Anglo-Saxon influence. England hopes and trusts that the young giant of the West, child of her blood and breeding, the American Republic, will be found at her side in the coming contest, but the brave old British lion is too proud to beg for that assistance that if tendered would be most welcome."

"I sincerely trust, my lord, that England may not be disappointed, when the time comes, by the action of

my country," said Howard, interrupting Lord Beresland.

"I do not believe that America will be found lacking in the hour of danger to Anglo-Saxon predominance, but the conditions are these, and I know that I am accurately informed: Russia is massing her forces in the Southeast for the purpose of attacking the British in Turkey as soon as spring opens. The British government is preparing to meet the conflict with Russia, but in the meantime the Russians are using every means in their power to array the Turks against us. Should they succeed, the contest would present a most serious problem; and in case of such an occurrence, the presence of an American Anglo-Saxon army on the scene of action would be most reassuring and desirable. Thus, you see, my lad, as a British subject I am moved by selfish motives in offering means to speedily place some of the world's best Anglo-Saxon cavalry in Turkey," and the exultant old eccentric chuckled as he concluded what he was sure would prove a clincher to his argument.

"But, my lord, even granting all that you offer, when our troops arrive on the very field, itself, of battle, our hands are tied unless America declares war against Russia and we receive orders from Washington to participate in the contest," answered

the soldier, still hesitating to accept the offer of the nobleman to convey him to Palestine.

"Well!" exclaimed the Englishman with confidence, "Blood is thicker than water, and I believe that it would be a bad job holding American soldiers in sight of the slaughter of men of their own blood and language, whether orders came from Washington or not." Then, after reflecting a little, he added:

"I grant you, Howard, the rub is now on the subject of the American Senate at Washington. We in England feel confident that President Morrison approves and favors an Anglo-American alliance, and the movement of the army and navy to Turkish territory and waters seems to demonstrate it. We feel sure that your President desires a union between the nations of the Anglo-Saxon race in the interest of Christianity, Civilization and Peace. Of course the rumor of the marriage of the Czarovitch Vladimar and the President's daughter was the most absolute nonsense."

"Do you really think so, my lord?" broke in the Virginian eagerly.

"Pooh! Man, they say that the all-conquering Czarovitch crept out of America in haste, crestfallen and abashed at the rebuff that he received at the hands of that splendid republican woman, your President's daughter. If you ever meet Miss Morri-

son, Howard, I will give more for your chance of winning her as an American soldier, from what I hear of the young woman, than I would for the chance of a Czar of all Europe," replied the British peer unconscious of the happiness his answer brought to the heart of his hearer.

"But your Senate is a different matter. While President Morrison mirrors the sentiments of a vast majority of the people of the Republic, and voices the opinion of a large majority of your Senators and Representatives in Congress, still we in England fear that a few Senators, by adopting the dilatory tactics allowed by the rules of the Senate, may delay and defeat the will of the majority of your citizens as well as nullify the efforts of the majority in your upper legislative body," added the old English lord, dismissing the subject of the Czarovitch.

"But, you must remember, my lord, nowhere in the world has public opinion so much weight as in America, and no minority in the Senate can afford to ignore it," suggested the soldier.

"Yes, that is true; but Gourkoff, the most crafty and unscrupulous diplomatist of modern times, is in Washington and will resort to any means, no matter how despicable, to defeat an alliance between England and America. He may persuade the few to resist the will of the many in the Senate; however, we will wait. Gourkoff understands European

politics, but he may make a mistake by using his customary methods when dealing with Americans, and be hoisted higher than Hamen by his own petard," answered Beresland.

"Well, my lord, under the circumstances, I will accept your kind offer most gratefully, but I must sail at daylight," exclaimed Howard.

"Good, my lad, I will dispatch a messenger at once to the captain of the 'Cricket' and at peep of day we will be on our way to Palestine," cried out the thoroughly delighted Englishman, slapping Howard gleefully on the shoulder.

"By the way, my bold Yankee knight, you met Gourkoff's stunning wife to-night. Ain't you sorry to leave Naples so soon? I saw she gave you a most killing reception. Am I kidnapping the fair Russian's conquest?" rattled away the brave old British veteran, as merry at the idea of a sudden expedition as the rawest recruit, while he wrote out the directions for the captain of his yacht.

"No, no, my lord, I am glad to return again to harness; I have no regret in leaving Naples," said the soldier, and added somewhat thoughtfully:

"Some situations are more dangerous than the most desperately contested battlefield."

Alas! Madam la Princess, for your latest project for "Removing" the man who scorned your love and your advances. Wasted are your sighs and

languorous glances so full of meaning. Useless all your stupefying, light, caressing touches. Your reason-benumbing magnetic force was fruitlessly expended. You must seek other means for "Removing" the object of your detestation, and remember that an Anglo-Saxon's sense of Duty never slumbers, even in the lethargy that drowns all other feeling by the spell your sensual nature causes.

Fair Naples fades in the distance as the swiftly gliding yacht "Cricket" cleaves the dancing water of that most interesting of seas, the Mediterranean. Lord Beresland and Howard sat watching the disappearing landscape when suddenly the Englishman, who had been most meditative since leaving Naples, exclaimed abruptly:

"By the way, Howard, what kind of man is General Gordon who commands the American Army of the East?"

"A fine tactician, very technical and careful, a brave and patriotic soldier, rather a martinet in matters military. Cold, slow and not impulsive," briefly answered the Virginian, not caring to discuss further the character of his superior officer.

"Bad! Confoundedly bad!" ejaculated the outspoken British veteran, and added, "I served in India under just such another and found it horribly trying. Will you command the cavalry in Turkey, General?" asked Beresland anxiously.

“President Morrison promised that I should remain with the Army of the East until all probability of action had passed,” said General Howard.

“Good! Very good! They say your President never forgets a promise, and, Howard, I believe that you will witness the deciding struggle that will settle the question of race supremacy forever. I hope to heaven that in the battle your good arm may be with us.”

“My lord, men of my name have ever felt most strongly the ties that bind men to country, home and kindred, and should it be in my power to carry succor to my English kinsmen, be well assured I will prove no laggard.”

At parting on the shores of Palestine, the British peer insisted upon a promise from the Yankee soldier, that ere he returned to America, he would visit Beresland Manor in England. As Howard grasped the only remaining hand of the Englishman when saying goodbye to him, the maimed warrior said mournfully:

“Had I the other arm, my lad, I would go with you, old as I am; I never, even now, hear the trumpet that the sound does not set all the nerves dancing in my worn-out body.”

CHAPTER XII.

ANGLO-SAXONS, FORWARD!

GREAT BRITAIN had not been unmindful of the massing of Russian troops along the Roumanian frontier during the winter that Vladimar spent in America. Quietly had the Russians concentrated a great force along the Pruth, ready for a forward movement when the warm spring weather made the passage of the mountains possible.

Relying confidently upon the continued friendship of the Turks, and counting upon the co-operation of the Army of the Sublime Porte in the coming contest that seemed inevitable, the British government had not deemed it necessary to increase the English army occupying the territory around Constantinople during the winter, beyond a number sufficient for emergency, feeling certain that before the Russians could make an aggressive movement in the spring there would be sufficient time to forward reinforcements.

British warships held the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles; the, now Admiral Sir John Colquitt, commanded the English men-of-

war. The American fleet, composed of some of the best ships of the Yankee navy, was anchored side by side with the British vessels. Admiral Adams, he, too, had won promotion, was in command of the naval force of the Republic.

When General Gordon arrived at Constantinople with the American Army of the East, Sir Robert Westmorland, who was commander-in-chief of the British army in Turkey, requested the American leader to quarter his men in the plains of Adrianople, as by so doing the crowding of a large force in the vicinity of the plague-favored Turkish capital would be avoided.

In that beautiful rose-garden of Europe, the plain of Adrianople, was camped therefore, the American army when Howard and his brigade of cavalry arrived from Palestine.

The warm sunshine of spring was slow in coming; the passes of the Balkan Mountains were still blocked by snow; the British army was calmly resting in its cantonments around Constantinople, when like a clap of thunder from a clear sky came the declaration of war by Russia against the British Empire.

Hardly had the cable brought the warning before the British commander heard of the presence of Russian soldiers in the Balkan passes. Roumania and Bulgaria had acted traitorously and falsely, and

permitted the passage secretly of Russian soldiers through their territory.

Undismayed by this unexpected disaster, the brave British commander hurried his army to the Turkish frontier between Adrianople and East Roumelia, at the same time sending urgent appeals for help to England.

As the Russians descended the southern slope of the Balkan Mountains, they were met by the advancing army of the English, but so outnumbered was the British force that after a desperate resistance it was forced backward toward the city of Adrianople, in the vicinity where the Americans were encamped.

Around Adrianople Sir Robert Westmorland marshaled his inferior numbers; from the British ships came the brave blue-jackets to aid the red coats. All that military strategy could suggest was accomplished by the British commander in making ready for the storm that he knew was approaching.

The tranquility of the American commander-in-chief of the Army of the East, General Gordon, under the circumstances, and his order for the American troops to withdraw from the probable line of march of the Russian army, and for them to take position to one side of the coming scene of battle, had filled the impetuous Virginian with indignation; in wrath, and oblivious to the rules of the military service, he sought his superior officer and almost demanded to

know what he intended doing when the Russians attacked the English army.

Howard was not more of a favorite of General Gordon, than Gordon was of the Virginian; the men were so unlike by nature that there had been considerable friction between them constantly since the coming east of the cavalry commander.

“While your question, General Howard, is hardly courteous in its tone, I nevertheless shall answer; until I receive orders from Washington, I shall not allow the army under my command to take part in any contest between the Russian and British armies. War must be declared by the United States against Russia before this army can aid the English,” replied Gordon to the peremptory demand of the cavalry officer.

Without even saluting, Howard whirled around and left the tent of his chief.

Onward came the Muscovy masses from the Balkan passes, like the flood that pours down the mountain side when the snow is melting. Grimly the thin red line of English soldiers was stretched out right and left to meet the torrent descending on it.

The Americans, both officers and men, know a battle is impending; troopers grow restless, and question “Are we to stand here like —— cowards and see fellows who talk as we do slaughtered?”

Officers become nervous and murmur guardedly about "too much red-tape."

General Gordon is flooded by applications from American officers, asking for leave of absence for a few days "to visit the British camp," and at last Howard flings himself into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and gruffly requests permission with some dozen of his officers "to spend a few days with the English army."

"You can't go, General Howard," answered Gordon, and seeing the veins of the Virginian's forehead swell as the scarlet tide of anger rises beyond control in the cavalryman, who with a stride is at the side of his superior officer, he added:

"General Howard, I will relieve you of your command and place you under arrest, if you continue to set an example of insubordination in this army."

"And I tell you, General Gordon," and the words came in tone so deep and low from suppressed passion that the sound resembled the growl of an angry lion, as Howard said them:

"That if you force this American army to remain idle while our kinsmen are slaughtered, on account of your devotion to red-tape rules, knowing that the people of America would unanimously endorse your action if you, without orders from Washington, permitted us to aid our brothers, I tell you, General

Gordon, that you are a coward, and I'll answer present when and where you may seek me!" and with a menacing gesture the hot-tempered soldier left his commander.

Howard was wrong, as men of quick temper and impetuosity often are; Gordon was a good officer, by no means a coward, but would take no liberties with his orders. Further, Gordon was a just man, though a martinet; he understood Howard's disposition, admired his fighting qualities even while he disliked him as a subordinate, he neither relieved him of his command nor ordered his arrest.

Overcome with wrath and chagrin, feeling his helpless position, and desperate, the Virginian resolved to hasten to Constantinople and cable to President Morrison. Fearing that leave of absence might be refused him, he determined to leave without asking. The line of railroad from Adrianople to Constantinople being still in control of the British, a train within a few hours landed the impatient officer in the Turkish capital.

To his cable message stating the situation, promptly came the answer from Howard's old commander, now the President of the nation:

"Wait in Constantinople the action of the Senate; I myself will send the notice; I want you personally to deliver it to Gordon."

Oh! Those fearful hours of waiting; like a caged

polar bear Howard paced the cramped-up office of the cable company. The horror of waiting in a telegraph office while the fearful ticking sends thrills of terror through every nerve of the expectant listener, is excruciating. Howard was fairly consumed by the fever of impatience and fear for the English soldiers.

At noon the wire announced that a terrific battle was raging around Adrianople; then came a dispatch saying that Turkish forces were uniting with the Russians and then the dreaded tidings came flashing along the wire that one wing of the British army had been overpowered, crushed, annihilated by the combined forces of the Turks and Russians.

Then the operator spoke to the excited American, saying, "This will interest you, General Howard; the American soldiers are leaving their lines in spite of all that their officers can do to restrain them, and are going to the aid of the English."

"Would to God I had remained in camp!" exclaimed Howard. "By heaven, I would have led the revolt," exclaimed the restless man, whose impatience, while waiting word from Washington, was rapidly growing unbearable.

"I can't call up any station beyond the guarded post fifty miles from Constantinople. At the post the operator says the Turks have cut the wire beyond him, and torn up the railroad track, and that the

British detachment at the station expect an attack upon it," called out the telegraph operator to the American General.

On this momentous day Washington City witnessed a scene without a parallel in the history of America. For two weeks the Senate had been in possession of the treaty of alliance between the United States and Great Britain.

President Morrison, in placing the treaty before the Senators for ratification, in a message, had clearly pointed out the fact that Great Britain was America's only natural ally, that any circumstance tending to weaken the English nation, was pregnant with danger to the influence and welfare of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world, and consequently an attack upon Great Britain was full of dire consequences to the Republic as the other great Anglo-Saxon nation.

That with or without an alliance with England, the United States could not view with indifference a conflict between Great Britain and any other nation, when the outcome of such a conflict, if the defeat of England was the final result, would be disastrous to the Civilization, Commerce and Christianity represented by the Anglo-Saxons of the universe.

That an attack by an autocratic government upon the constitutionally ruled realm of the English was

an assault upon that doctrine of Freedom and Liberty to which the Anglo-Saxon race has ever firmly held.

In striking at Great Britain, an indirect blow was aimed at the venerated institutions of our Republic, inherited with our language, and blood from liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

Upon the reception of the treaty and the message, the majority of the Senators, irrespective of party affiliation, (patriotism confines itself to no single political party in America), desired immediately to ratify the treaty of alliance and declare war against Russia, but the adoption of the time-honored (?) senatorial method of filibustering by the minority, defeated quick action by the majority.

Senators Angelo, Pulaski, Rossignol and Gotlieb, (encouraged by Prince Gourkoff, who was ceaselessly striving to delay the action of America until the British in Turkey were destroyed) by almost superhuman endurance talked for hours in the Senate. When one of these well-meaning but misguided men became exhausted, another of the opponents of so-called "Imperialism" would stand ready to continue the endless filibustering harangue.

At the end of two weeks the little coterie of "Anti-Imperialism" Senators was broken down, worn out, fairly overpowered by the execrations of public opinion, and the scathing denunciations of the majority in the Senate, but still defiant.

It was then that Gourkoff, used to Russian methods in influencing men's actions, fearing the collapse of the opposition to the proposed treaty, in the attempt to stimulate the resolution of the Anti-Imperialism Senators, offered bribes to those honest, patriotic but mistaken Senators of the Great Republic.

An error, fatal to the cause of Russia, was then committed by the wily diplomatists; he had misjudged the men and their motives, basing his vile opinion on the slanderous statements published in reckless public journals.

Insulted, outraged, indignant, in a body the *quondam* Anti-Imperialism Senators marched into the Senate Chamber, boldly stated the attempt upon their honor made by the representative of Russia, withdrew all opposition, voted to ratify the treaty and for a declaration of war against Russia.

These history-making events transpired in an all-night session of the Senate in Washington, while in Constantinople, wild with excitement, the impatient Virginian waited for the President's message for General Gordon.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the cable operator, a little English cockney, (hearts as true as steel have those same cockneys), dashed down his pen, after taking, while greatly agitated, a long

message, and with a leap cleared the office railing and rushed up to Howard, crying out excitedly:

“ ‘Ere it is, General; the H’Americans are to ‘elp h’us!’ ”

Howard gave one hurried glance at the message handed to him and said:

“Wire in my name to the commander of the post nearest to Adrianople, that you can reach, to have a horse ready for me; that I bear an all-important dispatch to the American army. Call up the railroad office in Constantinople; tell them to have an engine ready in an hour to rush me as far along the line as possible, that the fate of the English army hangs on my prompt arrival,” and then speaking to himself, the American added in a low voice:

“I will place this in Gordon’s hands by daylight or George Howard will be dead.”

The insignificant looking little cockney had heard Howard’s uttered musings, and on the impulse of the moment exclaimed, while tears rolled down his honest English face:

“If you are killed trying to ‘elp h’us, General, God bless you! H’I thank you as a Briton,” and the child of Cheapside grasped the hand of the soldier.

“Report my leaving this point with my dispatch to the President at Washington, Captain Martin, if you please,” said General Howard as he examined

his saddle-girth and prepared to mount for the long ride from the station, fifty miles from Constantinople and eighty from Adrianople.

“General, I will gladly do what you ask, but believe me, your attempt will be useless; you will vainly sacrifice your life. The road fairly swarms with Kurds and irregular Turkish cavalry. Be persuaded to remain here. Your General will act without orders and save our army, I feel sure.”

“Thank you, Captain, but I know Gordon—I would try to reach Adrianople if the road were lined with devils, and if need be, will die trying, as an Anglo-Saxon, to aid my kinsmen. Good-by!” The last word came as the horse sprang forward, and the speaker began the fateful journey.

Howard, whose duty as commander of cavalry, detailed often on scouting service, made it necessary for him to know the topography of any country likely to be a scene of action, hence on coming to Turkey he had informed himself concerning all the roads and features of the district between Constantinople and Adrianople. This knowledge proved of inestimable value to him during his ride in the darkness on his present journey.

Avoiding the great highways, striking across country, riding along roads not often traveled by the Turkish inhabitants of the section, dashing through fields and leaping fences, the experienced Yankee

scout and rough rider, unmolested and unchallenged, covered the first twenty miles of his journey.

Knowing that he must husband the strength of his horse, when the American came to a small stream flowing through a ravine between two hills, he stopped and, removing the saddle, rubbed down his faithful steed and allowed him time to recover from the hard drive that had been given him.

After a few minutes' rest, when Howard resumed his gallop, and mounted the top of the rising ground from the stream, he saw directly in the road a group of mounted figures. The hills on either side shut off escape right or left; nothing remained but to go backward or through or over the party of horsemen that stood ready to challenge his further progress.

The Virginian had abandoned his saber, when he sallied forth from the British station, as an incumbrance, and was armed only with revolvers, which the fear of alarming the district prevented him using.

Before the Turkish horseman had time to realize what was happening, the cavalryman, putting his steed to top speed, charged them, striking powerful blows with his bare fists as he dashed among them. The unexpected and sudden rush of the American confused the Turks so much that the daring horseman was enabled to sweep through the party, but not without paying toll in the shape of a sword thrust in

the side, and a slight wound in the neck from a pistol ball.

On sped the intrepid soldier, bending low and urging on his charger heedless of the bullets that whistled by him, as the Turks with loud shouts pursued him, knowing that his only hope of escape, now that the shooting was alarming the whole district, was in distancing his pursuers and the noise making.

The chase was kept up for nearly ten miles, but the gallant stallion that Captain Martin had furnished the Virginian, proved his breeding, handicapped though he was, by the weight of his rider, by outrunning the Kurdish horses. Howard, congratulating himself upon his good fortune, was just pulling up to ease his panting charger, when, without warning, a volley of rifle fire flashed out from the roadside. As the balls whizzed about him, the American felt his horse stagger and wildly leap forward.

The sensation was not new to the veteran cavalryman; he knew his horse was hit badly, and that all that remained to him was to get every atom of speed out of the animal quickly before he fell. Gripping, with thighs of steel, the panting sides of the noble creature, Howard fairly held him up and going, for ten miles further; then, in a moment all the strength seemed to forsake the frame of the faithful beast;

with one shiver and a single, almost human groan, the horse fell forward and was dead.

Where the stallion fell was at the top of a slight eminence that had called for the last spark of his expiring strength to mount. The Yankee officer quickly disengaged himself from the dead companion of his journey, and stood for a moment considering his position. Howard estimated that he had traveled forty miles since leaving the railroad; that therefore he must be about that same distance from the American army and Adrianople; that judging from the position of the stars, it must be about midnight. What to do to cover the remaining forty miles by morning was the question. Even leaving out of consideration the enemies that stood in his pathway, to travel the distance without a horse was almost impossible.

The American knew full well that if darkness coming had saved the British army after the battle the day before, that with the morning's light would come the final death-blow to the brave survivors of the previous day's disaster; he knew that the order he was bearing would save his brother Anglo-Saxons, that upon him rested the fate of hundreds of his English kinsmen—the thought was agonizing; he stood and gazed in despair at his dead steed and then at the distant horizon dimly visible in the star-lit distance.

Years before, at the army posts in Arizona, the young Virginia volunteer officer had competed with, and defeated, the famed Apache runners in many foot-races. The brigadier-general of the American army was heavier and less supple than when fresh from Virginia he had raced with the savage runners of America, but the feeling that the lives of men of his race was in his keeping caused him to forget impediments like weight and age. Sternly he resolved to attempt on foot the journey, and by running accomplish the distance.

Stopping, as best he could with a bandage made from part of his linen, the blood that was flowing from his side and neck, he seated himself upon the body of his dead steed and removed the heavy cavalry boots that he wore, knowing that speed was impossible while his feet were so weighted, then placing his dispatch securely in his tightened belt, he discarded coat, hat and revolver, and with shoulders thrown back, hands clinched at his breast, this stalwart scion of a long line of gallant Anglo-Saxons, shoeless, started over the cruelly rough road to bear to the men of England that succor that alone could rescue them from destruction.

Heedless of the bruised and bleeding feet that with each step caused excruciating pain, forward raced the athletic soldier, thinking, caring only for the speed with which the hours were passing, fearing only to

be too late to aid those whom he would save from impending peril.

After some half dozen miles of awful distance was covered, the panting of his lungs and the terrible throbbing of his straining heart warned the stern soldier that loss of blood from his wounds and lack of training was telling the story, and that, though iron-limbed, he must stop and rest or fall exhausted.

Coming to a brook and finding the bandage at his side had slipped and was wet with blood, the gasping runner cast himself on the earth beside the stream and thrust his torn and bleeding feet into the cool water, and was, while trying to regain his breath, readjusting and wetting the bandage when, glancing along the path that he must travel, he saw dark figures moving and caught the glitter of a distant camp-fire.

Without a horse, without a weapon, wounded, worn out and distracted by the thought of the importance of his mission to so many, Howard, as he gazed upon the camp of those, whom he knew would bar his further progress, grew wildly desperate, cast about for something to utilize as a weapon, intending to make one effort to rush through those who dared to block his passage onward, seized a stone and was tying it in a strip torn from his garments, when his fingers touched the ring given him by Ben Achmid.

Like lightning flash the recollection of the Arab's

words came to him, "Wherever the Prophet's name is venerated and the Crescent waves" the order, called holy by the Arab, extended, and that in need or peril the cabalistic signs on the ring would insure the wearer friends and help. Those men in front of him were followers of the Prophet, and carried the Crescent flag. It was a desperate chance!

"I will try it; it is the last and only hope. They can but kill me. It is my duty as a Howard, a soldier of the Republic, and a kinsman of the English.

Like some great ghost from the halls of Walhalla, some spirit of a departed Norse Viking, clothed in white blood-stained garments came the fair-haired Frankish giant into the circle of light cast by the Kurdish cavalry's camp-fire.

In speechless awe, the followers of Islam gazed upon the pale, stern face of the terrifying apparition, until coming close to the fire the bleeding, bare-footed figure extended its bloody fingers, and held forth a ring that the fire light might fall upon it, and said hoarsely in the French language:

"Is there one here that can understand me? Has this ring and the signs thereon any meaning to you?"

In awesome curiosity the hesitating Kurds gathered around the hand extended, and in wonder regarded the ring on the blood-covered finger, then whispered and muttered words unintelligible to the

desperate Anglo-Saxon, except that often they said "Ben Achmid," and with questioning glances regarded the almost gruesome figure of the soldier.

An old man hobbled into the group around the American and, after looking at the ring, said in most excellent French:

"What doth thou need? Ben Achmid's sign is honored by all who love the Prophet."

"A horse; only a horse," answered the Anglo-Saxon.

"Art thou English and would hasten to the side of thy countryman?" said the aged Kurd.

"I am an American!" proudly exclaimed the Yankee soldier, "but the English are of my race and I go to aid them. Give me a horse and every aid that the ring entitles me to will be rendered."

"Wilt thou not stay and refresh thyself, and bind up the wounds that bleed upon thee?"

"I carry life or death to many. I will not stay save to drink of that coffee that boils on yon fire, and then away."

"Take what horse thou wilt, Ben Achmid's ring makes thee the owner of all that is here. Disbelieving giaour though thou art, know that thou art worthy to wear the ring of the most faithful, for thy love for those of thy race though not of thy nation."

One moment to swallow a cup of scalding black coffee, one glance of the experienced eye of the

horseman at the Kurdish horses, and the American has selected a strong-limbed charger, torn off the saddle, avoiding thus every ounce of weight possible, and is mounted. One grateful wave of the hand to the wondering Kurds, and away speeds the bleeding, half-naked American.

Now, steed of steppes, shalt thou exhibit the boasted endurance of thy breed. Never hast thou been held between such knees of steel. Distended nostrils, panting breath and dripping flanks stay not the frenzied rider on thy back.

When the streakings of the morning light heralded the coming day, the wild horseman ten miles from Adrianople hears the welcome challenge "Halt! Who goes there?" Oh! The blessed Yankee accent of the words

"General Howard, important dispatches," answered, never drawing rein, the flying figure.

"Great God! It's Big George!" cried the scout, and in an instant Hollins is racing at the side of his loved commander.

As they race along making for General Gordon's quarters, Howard gives these orders, "Go to my brigade, tell Colonel Johnston to be ready, form my command, I will be there to lead my men. We fight, to-day, the Russians," and never slacking in the killing pace that he is going, the bare-backed, bare-

footed Yankee General dashed onward toward headquarters.

The unconquerable Islanders are drawn up in line of battle as over the hills the sun rises. Anglo-Saxon pride and Anglo-Saxon breeding holds grimly the meager handful of surviving British soldiers in defiant ranks, over which float boldly the red flag of England; here and there a blue uniform tells where stands a Yankee deserter, God bless him!

The Russians for an hour have hurled shells, grape and canister from countless cannon on the stubborn red line before them. Now as daylight discloses the weakness of those that confront them, the Russians mass their cavalry to crush their ancient enemies.

General Gordon, to prevent desertion and mutiny, has his whole command under arms and in battle array. On a hill near headquarters he views the preparations for the coming conflict. Around him dark faces, flushed with anger, regard him with menacing glances.

“Find out what that cheering is for?” General Gordon said to a staff-officer, as the loud prolonged American cheer came rolling along his line toward him. Before the officer addressed could gather and wheel his horse to obey, the meaning of the cheers became obvious, as racing at a killing pace the tattered and disheveled figure of General Howard

appeared waving a paper as his horse plunged forward. With one supreme and expiring effort the Kurdish steed breasted the ascent of the hill where General Gordon and his staff had stationed themselves, when within a few yards of the American commander-in-chief of the army, the willing nature of the noble brute collapsed. With a lunge forward he fell headlong, carrying down in the crash his desperate rider. Officers sprang from their saddles to assist the fallen General, but ere they could reach him, he was up and running forward, had placed the President's message in the hands of General Gordon.

In haste the American commander perused the contents of the message, and turning to the group of officers collected around Howard, he exclaimed exultantly:

“Gentlemen, here is the order for which I have waited. I will prove now to you that in heart and courage Robert Gordon is an Anglo-Saxon, but, as a soldier of the Republic, must have authority from his superior, the President, before acting.”

Then with a reproachful look at the torn and bleeding commander of his cavalry, he said:

“You, General Howard, have done enough; will you rest and let Colonel Johnston lead your brigade?”

“No! A thousand times, No! I lead my men

to-day if I must be bound to my horse," hoarsely cried Howard.

"Then, take your command; stop the charge of that mass of cavalry that is forming to crush the British line, long enough for me to get my infantry into position; hold the Russians if you lose every man of your brigade!" And turning to the staff officers General Gordon gave rapid orders to them for the division commanders.

Now dashing in every direction along the American line speed the staff-officers. Howard, not heeding the proffered coats, hats and boots that are thrust at him, with eyes fixed on the Russian cavalry forming for the onslaught, seized the hilt of an extended saber, and springing upon the horse of an orderly standing near, darted away in the direction of the spot where his cavalry brigade was drawn up and waiting.

The old Fourteenth and Seventh saw their loved leader coming; bleeding, half-naked, all magnificent; with a wild yell, half "Blue," half "Gray," they greeted him, as waving his bare saber raised high in his strong, nervous grasp, that all might see, he pointed to the plain, and Russian cavalry, placed himself ready to lead them, and cried out in a voice so grand and sonorous that the three thousand troopers heard the words:

"Americans, charge for race and kindred!!"

The Virginian, taking in his left hand the flag of the Great Republic from the color sergeant, and riding well in advance of his galloping squadrons, at the head of his brigade, swept into the plain before the English line.

The British cavalry had been cut to pieces in the previous battles fought, so that Lord Vinton, its commander, had only a handful of horsemen to meet the Muscovy mass now moving toward the red line to annihilate it, but with the valor of Cardigan's six hundred heroes, the English commander had formed his few, and was preparing to hurl them defiantly at the overwhelming force of Russian horse, when he saw the Americans coming, guessing the meaning, he advanced his command to unite with Howard's galloping squadrons.

With shouts of relief and joy the scant platoons of the English wheeled into position by the side of their Yankee cousins. Lord Vinton, (and none are braver than some of the British nobility), seeing the American leader carrying the colors of the Union, grasped the standard of England, and cheering on his willing troopers, galloped to the side of the valorous Virginian.

As the two commanders at the head of the united forces of England and America rushed forward to meet the oncoming Russians, the colors of the kindred Anglo-Saxon nations streamed out from the

staffs that they carried, and while they fluttered in the rushing wind, as their bearer raced onward, they twined themselves in loving embrace together, mingling and blending the splendors of the twin symbols of a mighty race,—two grand nations.

The sight of their leaders, their flags, and that unvoiced sentiment, that inexpressible something that men of our race and language feel when Englishmen and Americans act as brothers, aroused the wildest enthusiasm alike in the hearts of American and English troopers. Like an avalanche of valor the allied horsemen crashed into the Russian cavalry that rushed to meet them.

Breast to breast men and steeds wrestle. Cut—stab—slash; comes cruelly the whirring sound of sabers as they whistle through the air. Shouts, cries, oaths and the wild yells of the Yankees all join to create sounds of hellish origin and terror. But, Oh! The mad joy of such a fight to the soul of a soldier. Shades of Sheridan, Stuart, Custer and Forrest smile at the similarity of man's nature in every age and clime.

Like one possessed of a body charmed and terrible, the herculean, half-clothed, bloody leader of the Americans, bearing down, destroying, all who oppose him, rages through the Russian ranks. Holding high in one hand the starry banner, never stopping the awful execution of his dripping saber, he

calls to his men to follow, and plunges where the steel hedge is thickest.

Long the awful carnage lasted. Lord Vinton has fallen; many brave Yankees have given their lives for their glorious nation; many gallant red coats dead and trampled lie beneath the hoofs of the struggling horses. But nothing in Russian courage can long withstand the impact of the blow struck by the allied horsemen.

The Russian mass breaks asunder; rent and torn by the impetuous, savage onslaught of the red and blue soldiers, the Russians fly toward their batteries.

In one conglomerate mass, formation gone in the struggle, are the British and American troopers, Howard quickly resolving to charge the cannon, searches an instant for Vinton—vanished, down, dead, is that knightly soldier. No time now for reformation. Grabbing the British banner and holding the flags of the two nations aloft together, the American dashed toward the Russian guns, shouting to the mingled British and American troopers that came thundering and cheering behind him.

*(“Anglo-Saxons, Onward! America and England forever! Onward for our race and nations!”)

Right over the guns like a devastating cyclone swept the death-contemning cavalry of England and America, cutting down the gunners as like a steel wave it submerged the batteries. As the line

closed up after the brief pause at the guns, the troopers looked in vain for their giant leader. That splendid example of Anglo-Saxon valor, endurance and war-like spirit had disappeared. Leaderless and disorganized the allied cavalry was forced back by the advancing infantry of Russia.

The diversion and delay occasioned by the grand charge led by Howard and Vinton, had saved the British army and the battle. Gordon had his American infantry in position in time to meet the Russian advance. All that day the plains of Adrianople were the scene of a second Marathon. The contending lines of the two races, the Tartar-Slav and Anglo-Saxon, for many fearful hours swung back and forth, struggling in that death-grip that must settle for centuries the race supremacy of the universe.

(Just as the descending sun witnessed at Marathon the triumph of Greek civilization, culture and courage, and the destruction of Persian predominance, and presumption, so the parting glance of the monarch of the heavens saw on the plains of Adrianople the standards of the two powerful allied Anglo-Saxon nations flying triumphant over the hard-fought field of battle. The all submerging, subjecting, Tartar-Slav defeated, discouraged, forever halted, ready and willing to cry "*Peccavi!*" "Forgive and make peace with me.")

Howard was found, by the Russian infantry, as it advanced and recovered the batteries, lying, covered with blood, and unconscious, beside the guns where he had been struck down, at the moment of his successful charge, by a Russian bullet. He was recognized as the leader of the desperate charge of the Anglo-Saxon cavalry, and hurried to the rear, where he was found by the Czarovitch, who commanded a corp of the Russian army.

Vladimar, gratefully recalling his debt to the wounded American, commanded that every respect and attention be shown the sufferer. That night, after the defeat of his army, the Czarovitch sought the almost dying Virginian, and while he bent over the man who at Gibraltar had saved his life, Vladimar whispered to the brave soldier of the Republic, words that were far more potential as restoratives than all the ministrations of the surgeons.

"May I, in your name, my friend, cable to her and beg her to come to Constantinople? I will send you under a flag of truce into your lines to-night," softly said the Czarovitch, when leaving the suffering soldier, and added, as he gently pressed the Federal officer's hand, "A Russian remembers."

One month has passed, and the rapidly recovering hero of Adrianople, half asleep and dreaming, hears a rustle in the apartments in the Turkish city, where they have placed him, looks up, and standing by his

bedside, wearing that badge dear to the wounded, the Red Cross, is a woman. "Still am I dreaming?" murmurs the soldier, and struggling to rise, cries, "Helen! My Helen!"

"George! My hero!" came the answer, as the arms of the "Red Cross" angel glide around him, and press his bandaged head to the gentle, loving bosom of the President's daughter.

* * * * *

The most exalted royal visitor could not win the unpremeditated, spontaneous welcome accorded by the people of England to the Hero of the Modern Marathon, when with his bride, "Our Helen," he arrived in London en route for America.

Old Lord Beresland grew younger with the pleasure of the coming of "My friend, the gallant Howard;" Vintons, Colquitts and the best and bravest of Great Britain, vied with each other in marking their appreciation of the American's conduct.

British royalty, ever gracious, ever anxious to acknowledge worth and merit, hastened to extend every mark of distinguished attention that gratitude and admiration could suggest to the royal family.

The Imperial Ruler of the British Empire, personally, fastened the V. C. on the Yankee soldier's breast, accompanying the act with sincere expressions of acknowledgment for those great services that entitled the American to wear it.

Among the gifts that fairly deluged the fair bride of the applauded cavalry commander, the one that attracted constant attention was the great tiara of purest gems bearing a simple card on which was written :

“From your sincere friend,
VLADIMAR OF RUSSIA.”

THE END.

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